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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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A Kiss for Sister.

She was a very little girl,
And as I bent and kissed her,
"There, that is for yourself," I said,
"And this is for your sister."

Last night I called in friendly way;
Some gay girl friends were there,
And laugh and jest went gayly round
To banish weary care.

The little girl came romping in
And unto me said she—
"I dive that tiss to sizzer Bell,
'Ou left for her wiz me.

"She tissed me lots o' times an' said,
When folkses 'ouldn't see,
I might dive 'em to 'ou—dust wait
'Till 'ou's alone wiz me!"

I blushed, and so did sister Bell,
The gay girl friends, ah me!
I wished the horrid things
A thousand miles at sea!

FROM NATURE'S LIPS.

I.—WHAT THE NIGHT SAID.

John French leaned back in his seat in the dimly-lighted car and thought. It was an uncommon thing for John French to think much, and either the thinking itself or the subject of which he was thinking was far from pleasant. For there was a frown upon his face which made it darker even than either nature or the shadows of the night could have done. It did not make the face less handsome, perhaps, but it made it less lovable; it changed it from a face that would have else been called good to one which could only be called strong.

A man across the aisle from John French was studying him. Too full of the cares of business to sleep, he, nevertheless, was honestly trying to banish the thoughts of business by studying intently the face of a man whom he had never seen before, in the hope of fixing upon the nature and character of a man who would probably never cross his path again.

"This man has seen a great deal of life," said the gray-haired student of human nature to himself, "and has either found much evil in those around him or has had evil in his own heart which he has not found out yet. The world is not in harmony with him nor he with the world."

And the observer was right.

"He is a man with tastes beyond his means; he has the courage of a man who believes he can trifle with evil habits and escape their natural results; he is noble in many things—mean in some; he drinks, while he takes a pride in never being under the influence of liquor; he has grand possibilities in his nature, but I wouldn't trust him."

And the looker-on was right again.

But he knew as little of it all as we generally know of those whom we merely meet in the bustle of life. He would never have guessed that John French was on his way to a wedding, and that wedding his own, but so it was. And with every mile the frown was growing deeper.

The young man pressed his face against the window, shaded the glass from the light of the car and looked out into the night. A farmhouse, with a wooded hill behind it, dim and dream-like in the uncertainty of the night of mist and rain, shot, like a scene in a panorama, back into the obscurity, and the man who was flying with the wings of steam toward the woman who was to be his wife in less than twenty-four hours, followed the scene backward with hungry eyes, and envied the humble happiness which he pictured as the lot of those who lived there. He coveted a place in that humble home, with all that might fall to his lot because of it.

"Life couldn't be worse," he muttered, and then shut his teeth closer together with a sound that was half-way between a groan and a curse.

A cool, dark lake, with little ridges of white rolling over its blackness, stirred his heart. It seemed to whisper of peace. The thought of suicide, which comes sometimes to every man, however sane, stole through his mind. Not death by any of the means he had at hand; not in any of the ways he might readily command; no, not that; but a thought that when life had become more unbearable than now, when heart and brain and nerves had grown wearier, he would seek out this little lake—seek it out in the night—find it with the white waves just breaking its surface, and lie down under it to rest and dream for ever.

Long reaches of plowed land and pasture land succeeded, and he wondered, with a dull pain at his heart, how those who gained a living there could bear to live so, toiling early and late, summer and winter, for the little they could get.

Then his own pain came back again, and his head sank more heavily and wearily against the pane. Perhaps he slept a little then; but if he did the drip of the rain against his window seemed like tears shed by the night for him. And later, when he surely slept, the monotonous sound of the train was changed by his dream into the beat of a hammer, forging a chain which he knew was for him. The whole night seemed saying to him some of the sternest things which nature can say to man—some of the most fearful things which truth can say to falsehood.

For John French—poor John French!—poor in every sense of the word, had engaged himself a year ago to one of the loveliest and noblest of women, and had known, without feeling, the goodness and truth of her nature. She was heiress to an enormous fortune when he won her, and with the unselfish trust of her sixteen years had given her love to him unreservedly. Had she been older or wiser this story would never have been written, for she would have laid aside her bridal robes, made sacred by her tears, and proved herself a heroine; while he would have accepted freedom from her hands and proved himself a coward and a villain a week ago. But, not because of the love she had for him, but because of that which she was so sure he had for her, Geraldine Royal had not offered him his freedom.

And John French was hurrying to his wedding with a woman he did not love, lovely and noble though she was—a woman whom he had never pretended to his inner self to love—and over his heart her last letter to him laid like a lump of lead. For it told him that the fortune she had once enjoyed was gone; that her father would have nothing whatever left when all his debts were paid. And as he struggled slowly back to painful consciousness from scarcely less painful sleep, the beat of the hoofs of the magic steed of the rails was thundering in his ears: "You cannot escape! You cannot escape! You cannot escape!"

And the frown which had slowly deepened as he slept darkened into a fierce scowl as he said, between his set teeth:

"No, I cannot escape! It is poverty—life-long poverty, toil, drudgery, for evermore!"

As he settled back into his seat to get a little more of that physical comfort which men always instinctively seek, whatever their mental pains may be, there was a crash. The car was torn and twisted and crushed; men and women and children went from the unconsciousness of sleep down into the unconsciousness of death. Others, less fortunate, were prisoned in the wreck which took fire almost at once. As the car went over on its side the old man who had watched and studied John French fell across the aisle against him—fell with his head against a corner of the seat and was dead almost instantly. But in the one moment in which the spirit held the body in its control before giving it up forever the hand of the stranger had clutched the handle of John's valise with such a grip as might have been expected had life depended on his getting and keeping it.

French was unhurt. The man behind and the woman in front were killed instantly, and French, who had thought with pleasure of a grave in the lake among the hills, had not even a scratch. He aided those others who were not disabled, and those who came from outside, in the rescue. Most of those not killed at once were saved. But when the dead were dragged from the burning car, after the living had been aided, no friend could have identified them. The man who had made John French his study might have been young or old for all that one could say when it was all over, and he lay among the ruins of the disaster, still clutching the remains of the valise.

French was thoughtful of the woman he was to marry—thoughtful despite the lack of love, and he wrote a telegram to send to the station a mile and a half away. It was as follows:

"Terrible accident. I escaped unhurt.
JOHN FRENCH."

As he went to hand the message to the train hand who was to go to the station with messages for help, he passed the man who had died at his side.

The accident had happened in the dawn; the clouds were going away with the night. The spirit of the darkness seemed to say: "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The strength of day, which grows out of the weakness of night, was coming into the lives of the men who had escaped, and that, too, despite the ghastly record night had made. The blush upon the eastern sky deepened as John paused—it brightened and strengthened—the sun rose as brightly as though there were no care nor sorrow in the world. The voices of the night were dumb; day reigned again.

And a man stooping over the body of the dead said: "We can identify this one. See, the name is deeply engraved on the plate which still remains on his valise. His name is John French."

So it happened that Geraldine Royal read, a dozen hours later, how her lover had died. So it happened that John French lived to prove himself a scoundrel, and to widow the heart of the woman who loved him by the use of the weapon which death had put in his hand. He did not send the message.

II.—WHAT THE DAY TOLD.

Unless bad men prospered for a time there would be no bad men. If their prosperity never ended there would be a dearth of good ones. The prosperity of the bad does not belong in romance; it is an inevitable conclusion of logic. Nature is truth; and so John French prospered. Or, rather, since "John French" had been carved on a white slab in the churchyard at home, and written in tears on the heart of a frail young girl, left desolate by worse than death on her wedding-day, let us say that John Arlington prospered. For John Arlington was the name he chose in that new life which accident had offered him, and which he was not brave enough to refuse.

John French (or Arlington) had no father nor mother, sister nor brother to mourn for him. But to cut himself off entirely from those he had known and loved was hard enough, even though there were no ties of kindred to bind him to them. John Arlington went among strangers; he allowed his beard to grow; he welcomed the ruddy tint which travel and exposure gave to his face; he visited various countries; he tried many ways toward wealth and he succeeded in them all.

So the strong man who took steamer for America ten years after the night when John French died and John Arlington first appeared among men was a rich, a contented, almost a happy man. He had acquired his possessions by honest toil—by mental thought and endeavor; no one could say that any act of his had been an act of fraud; so far as business went he was the soul of honor. Arlington never touched liquors; he had no bad habits; his life would have been to him the straightforward, honest, open, manly one which it seemed to other men, but for the blot he had placed upon it when he found a woman with a loving heart needing tenderness and mercy, and deliberately resolved to give her neither.

The passage was a stormy one. Most of the passengers kept to their rooms for days at a time. But Arlington was too much used to travel to mind a rough sea. He staid on deck many hours each day.

John French had failed to love a most beautiful and worthy girl when he was a young man; and John Arlington, now in the bright days of a strong manhood, sometimes sought to excuse it to himself by the plea that he had no capacity for loving; in all his wanderings he had never seen a woman who had claimed his serious second thought or look even. So it is not to be wondered at that he smiled a little contemptuously to himself when he found, as he did one day, that he was getting in the habit of listening anxiously for the voice of a woman, in a room not far from his own, who read for long hours at a time in a full rich voice, evidently unconscious of any listener. She never went on deck, and Arlington found his room becoming more attractive than the storm outside. He wondered what it meant. He felt he would be a fool to fall in love with a voice when he had passed fair faces untouched by love. He found out that the woman only read by day, and he took to spending the evening hours outside, while in the daytime he waited and listened. He found out early in the long voyage, made longer by adverse winds, that, read what she might and as long as she might, she always read one poem after a while, and then read no longer.

And John Arlington used to go up to the deck in the gathering darkness and look away over the storm-tossed waves while thinking of his past, and beginning to dream a little of his future—of a future for even him—with the words of Jean Ingelow ringing in his ears:

"We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead."

He never doubted that the poem was a favorite with the woman because of some bereavement in her past life; the sadness in the tones told him that. He believed that the verse stood in her mind as a finality, the end of some heart history; the woman read as though waiting for something that could only come into her life when death indeed gave up its own. He wondered if he would find her face as fascinating as her voice. He found himself trying how he might plan some way to see her. She seemed to baffle him.

But waiting for anything always brings it. Not always as we wish it, not always to be a possession of the life, but across the path which we walk the thing we long to see and know will pass. John Arlington listened to the voice and waited for the woman. The time was coming.

It had been a terrible night, but was a more terrible day. The voices of the day were speaking of the infinite power of nature, and as officers and sailors listened to them as they shouted and raged around the vessel they were learning the lesson of human weakness and human despair.

At noon the captain called the passengers together. The boats were frail in the eyes of the women and children who looked at them. But he had done his best, and in half an hour the boats must stand between them and eternity. He could not save the ship.

Stern discipline held control there; the boats were loaded rapidly and with care; the men went last, and the captain last of all. No braver man among the passengers helped the captain in his control of a brute force which could have crushed all physical opposition, but could not dare a contest with the moral might of will-power, than did John Arlington. He was no coward now whatever his past had been.

A woman came slowly across the deck just as the last boat-load was almost ready to go. There was no fear in her eyes as she looked on the waves and the storm. But one would have guessed that she cared but little for life by the look on her face as she came to the boat. She evidently had no faith in the boat saving them; she looked upon death as inevitable; and the words she muttered were almost the words of a prayer this time:

"Perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead."

John Arlington heard the words and turned toward her. More beautiful in womanhood than girlhood had promised, more beautiful than he had ever dreamed was possible, this woman stood before him. In her eyes he saw that a love she had not long years ago had never faltered for an instant; but it was a love for dead John French. She neither knew nor noticed living John Arlington. And he stepped into the boat by her side, knowing that he must be saved with or die with Geraldine Royal; knowing that the voice from out the past had done its full work; knowing that he loved her with the full strength of his life, and that he always should, feeling that death on the wild sea with her would be better, much better, than life anywhere without her.

III.—WHAT THE STORM SAID.

Had Geraldine Royal been earlier when the ship was sinking she and John Arlington would have gone in different boats, and the story of either would have been a fragment. Only one boat-load of passengers was saved; but the boat which left the ship last was the one.

Geraldine Royal had had a hard life. One year before she had a little money left her; not a great fortune, but enough to give her a year of travel in the Old World and allow her to settle in comfort in the New. John Arlington followed her. He had money to spend freely. He found out where her home was to be made, and he bought a large estate, with a great house, a quarter of a mile from the cottage she had rented. He journeyed to it one day, over the road he had gone so long before toward the wedding which had never taken place. He was glad she had not gone as far as the place where the accident had been. He never wanted to see that place again. He found the home he had purchased to be all that the agent had said it was. A large roomy house stood in the midst of a broad green park, surrounded by great trees. Beyond the park was a lake, all his own; further away, hidden from sight of the house, but not from sound, by the noble trees, was the railroad. Not far away in the other direction was the house where Geraldine Royal lived with a hired companion. Around all were the eternal hills.

Miss Royal had received some favors from the man who had been saved with her. She liked him. She was pleased to find that he had settled near her. Time had aged the man, and her loyalty to the past left her no thought of the possibility of this man loving her. She enjoyed the society of this genial neighbor of hers, and that was all. But Arlington never looked in the great rooms in his house without thinking how much she would brighten them and his life if he could win her.

He did not try in one year; he did not try in two; but one hot August afternoon he stood with a letter from her in his hand. He remembered burning a half hundred letters she had sent to John French; this was the first one she had ever written to John Arlington; His servant had carried her a letter telling his love; her companion had brought him a letter which he almost feared to open. He removed the envelope after a while. The letter was very brief. She respected him, but she had loved a man, John French by name, who had died while coming to marry her; her heart held his memory sacred; she had no room for other love; she should always love John French; she hoped to find him and know him and love him when the weary earth-life should be done; she kindly, but firmly and beyond appeal, declined the offer on which John Arlington had staked his future happiness.

John Arlington stood with a white, stern face and fought the most terrible battle with himself that he had ever fought. It was the battle of a man mad with despair. Should respected John Arlington live and try to live content without that which loved John French might have had? Or should living John French go to the woman he had wronged, tell her his shameful secret and dare the worst?

He made a coward's choice for a second time in his life, and went.

The wind was rising and the big drops of rain were beginning to fall as he knocked at the door. The woman received him kindly; she liked him yet.

But they both stood, and the face of each was whiter and sterner than usual.

"Is there no hope?"

"I am sorry, but there is none. I loved John French too truly to ever marry another."

"Miss Royal—Geraldine—I am John French!"

For a long minute she stood looking at him, her face growing older and whiter and more sad as she looked. Then she sank into a chair with a sob.

"Why is all this as it is?" she moaned.

He told it all; he did not try to spare himself; he saw it would be useless before he had gone far with the dreadful story. She heard it all in silence. He did not ask for her love when he had finished. It would do no good. She slowly rose to her feet.

"If it is possible for a woman to love a man and to despise him utterly at the same time, I do it. I did love you—to my shame I say it. To my deeper shame I say I love you yet. But in all the universe I can conceive of no more hideous crime than you have done. I despise you as much as I love you. Go! I never want to see you or know you or hear of you again, in this world or any other. Go! Go forever!"

And John French went out with bowed head into the rain and storm, and no one has ever heard of him or of John Arlington since.

They dragged the lake next day, but they found nothing. They might have used more care if they had known of the eyes that watched its white waves with longing twelve years before. But they might have found nothing even then. He went away; he has never returned; he never will; that is all that can be said.

All that was ever found that might have served as a clew was a little scrap of paper with a few lines written on it which might mean much or little. They were these only:

"Forever is a long word. I hope to outlive her forever."

And on the other side:

"The storm is abroad. It speaks to me. It tells that terrible truth: 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'"

Yarmouth Fisheries.

The fisheries have been the *raison d'etre* of Yarmouth from the beginning, and coals are not a more evident staple in Newcastle than the produce of the sea is in this old Norfolk town. The dark-blue guernsey shirt is a uniform among a large number of the inhabitants, and colors every gathering. The oil-silk suit, spread out like a scarecrow, dangles in the windows and over the doors of many shops, in which jackknives, high boots, tin plates, very small mirrors, and the miscellaneous articles of seamen's wardrobes are also displayed. The scant vegetation of the dunes outside the town is darkened by the nets spread out to dry, and it is impossible to go far in any direction without seeing a black coil sluggishly issuing from a loft into a cart, which receives it on the street below, this also being a net. Within the loft are many tarry-fingered Penelopes mending old nets and meshing new ones, and men in canvas attire who are soaking their nets in oil and pitch to make them stronger. The nets are hung over fences, hauled up on poles, and drawn out in neat squares wherever there is an unincumbered and convenient space. The odor of them is pungent in the air. The fish carts, of a light two wheeled pattern, rattle along the streets with impressive speed and urgency; and one of the features of the beach and the harbor mouth is the number of lookout boxes perched on the roofs of houses, and on props of their own, in which blue-jacketed and oracular men with copper-bronzed faces are constantly aiming telescopes at shadowy specks against the horizon. Yarmouth is piscatory beyond comparison and beyond description. The conversation on its quays has fish for its burden. A shy-looking man, with a brown face, far-looking eyes, and a guernsey, is accosted by another person with an amphibious exterior. "Hello, my boy! hello, old shipmet! how many fish?" cries the latter, and the person addressed shrugs his shoulders and looks at the sky as he gives the inquirer the particulars of his last catch. Then we meet a young fisherman coming home, with a soft, yellow beard, grown during his absence, and his canvas bag thrown over his shoulders—an open-faced young Saxon, marching happily between two friends who are welcoming him, and there are few places in the world where there are more such fair, winsome Saxon faces as his than in Yarmouth—honest brown faces, with flaxen beards and glistening blue and gray eyes—or where the speech is more courteous or less servile, and the manners so independently bluff without a touch of incivility. On the borders of the town the red brick curing-houses, which look like arsenal stores, are conspicuous; and though the old boat in which the Peggottys lived has disappeared from the spot on the south dunes where it stood up to a year ago, and the obsolete vessels of the fishing fleet are utilized in many ways for which they were never intended, and sections of their bulwarks may be seen filling up the gaps in the fences on the western meadows. Some of these veterans are laid up in ordinary on the Suffolk side of the Yare, dismasted and altogether unequipped, but more beautiful than ever they were when prepared for sea, and their successive coats of paint have melted into one another, and the sea and the sun have refined them into the softest tints. Even the parish church is dedicated to Nicholas, patron saint of fishermen, and the municipal arms are three demi lions impaling three herrings' tails.—*Harper.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Gardener's Secret.

Peter Henderson, the veteran gardener, made a very significant statement before the convention of nurserymen and florists. This statement embodies the remarkable fact that if garden seeds, when planted in the spring, are firmly pressed when under the earth by the ball of the foot, at the time the gardeners are putting them into the ground, they will invariably grow, drought or no drought; and what is still more important, they will spring up earlier and grow faster and mature better than any of their kind which have not been subject to this discipline. The same rule of pressure he holds true in regard to transplanting trees, shrubs and plants. This is an item of great practical value to many of our people, and especially those who live in the suburbs.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Bones for Trees.

Plant food is concentrated in bones, and most gardeners who make a business in raising fruits and vegetables appreciate their value. In tree planting they are almost indispensable. They can be had of village boys generally for about twenty-five to fifty cents a barrel. They pick them up about the streets, gardens and slaughter houses, the remnants of butchers' meat sold to families. This kind of bone is fine enough to be put into borders for grapevines and fruit trees, and to bury under old trees without any preparation. A bushel of these bones to a newly planted tree is none too much, and any one may safely plant five bushels under a bearing apple tree or grapevine. So large results will not follow immediately from these coarse pieces as from the ground article or from superphosphates. But there will be in the soil a supply of food for many years to come, and the roots will appropriate it as they have need. The fine rootlets will seek the bones as eagerly as they seek water in a tile drain. We have frequently taken up grapevines planted in this way and found the whole mass of bone one solid, penetrated with fine roots. We doubt if any investment in fertilizers pays better than in these bones from butchers' meat, which are quite plentiful in villages.—*Agriculturist.*

Ensilage Experience.

Testimony of a Chenango farmer in the *Country Gentleman*: During last summer I built a silo in the bay of a basement barn, ten and a half by twenty-two feet clear, and sixteen feet in depth. One side and the ends were of stone up to the sills of the barn, eight feet, plastered with cement; the remainder was made of inch pine boards, two thicknesses, nailed to two by ten inch studding, with tarred paper between to make it air tight. The inside course was of planed and matched boards. I should match both courses if building another of wood. I cemented the bottom two courses. I put in three acres of corn on the 2d and 3d of September, the corn being State eight-rowed yellow, Stowell's evergreen and Western white, mixed when put in, making very rich fodder. It was about eleven feet in depth when all in. I covered it with inch pine boards, planed and notched in sections three and a quarter feet wide, letting cleats extend out so as to stiffen the joints of the sections. I covered this with two-inch planks and upward of twenty tons of stone. It settled to eight feet in depth, and weighs out fifty pounds to the solid foot. I think I did not trample it enough. It was put in quite rapidly, taking two men to handle and feed the corn cutter. It was a poor season for corn, and I had only half to two-thirds of a crop. The seed did not come good. The silo test makes about fifteen tons to the acre. I am confident that I can grow twenty-five to thirty tons in a good season of large white Southern corn on the same land. Some stalks of Western corn were 12½ feet high, measured after cut up in the field. We were two days putting it in, using a No. 2 Cummings cutter, which is too light for the rapid work necessary to save expense. About a foot in the bottom was cut one inch in length, the remainder one-half inch. Half an acre of the State corn was heavily eared and glazed. We cut by the watch a load of 1,500 pounds (estimated) in six minutes; twenty-two loads in the forenoon and seventeen in the afternoon of the same day. The cutter troubled us somewhat, and the barn was so situated that we had considerable delay between loads. With silo and barn machinery properly arranged I am satisfied that I can, with the same help, put in forty tons in one day. I used a two-horse railway tread-power, and two teams to draw from the field. The corn was in drills, cut up with corn-knives and laid in gravels suitable for handling to advantage. I employed twelve to thirteen men, all being done at an expense of about $20 per day. The cost of the silo and putting in the corn was about three dollars per ton, exclusive of cost of raising the corn, counting nothing for land and manure used. It is worth about three dollars per ton as it now stands in the silo, as I have satisfied myself by tests in feeding. It came out bright, with strong alcoholic odor and quite acid. It was bright and sound next to the board cover in all parts of the silo. I have been feeding four weeks sixty pounds per day each to the cows at two feeds of thirty pounds morning and night, with two quarts of ground oats and corn meal per day, with dried cornstalks or hay for noon feed. The milk increased about one-fourth in quality after I commenced feeding with ensilage. It takes twenty-two and a quarter pounds of milk to make one pound of butter, as ascertained by churning separately the cream from fifty-four pounds of milk. The butter is fine in appearance. The cows are eager for this food and if we have the stable doors open the men have to fight them to keep them out of the stable. They lick out the mangers as though it was salt. I had some doubts at first as to how the cattle would thrive on it. But now their coats shine, they are taking on flesh and kick up their heels and chase each other about the lot as though they feel well. I shall, if possible, ensilage 200 tons the following summer. Having in view a winter dairy, I intend to ensilage in June next five acres of rye which was sowed last fall for soiling. My calves, six in number, seem to be as fond of this food as the cows, eating it greedily from the first and doing well on it. The ensilage is much more acid than I anticipated. Still, if cows do well on it, where is the harm?

Poultry Hints.

Do not fatten your breeding fowls.

Treatment of diseases of poultry must begin with the first symptoms.

Meal must be mixed dry and crumbly, since it causes illness when too wet.

Glass fronts for coops for young chickens are of great service in cold or windy weather.

Gather March eggs before they become cold, and save them from being broken in the nest by freezing.

Try and set your hens so as to have two hatch out at the same time, and give the broods to one hen.

Care must be taken that chickens are not brooded on cold, damp ground, and the bed, whatever it be, must be renewed when soiled.

A constant dropping will wear a rock Keep dropping your advertisements on the public, and they will soon melt under it like rock salt.

Do not try to keep too many breeds of fowls. You will succeed better with one or two varieties, with good attention, than by trying to keep a dozen sorts and neglecting them.

Old breeders declare that chickens from the eggs laid earliest in the season are the most likely to live and thrive after hatching. It is claimed that continuous laying enfeebles the hens' systems to such an extent that the later eggs in the spring litters are not so well endowed with vigor.

When soft eggs are laid by fowls they intimate usually that the egg organs are inflamed. This state is occasioned by the birds being overfed or too fat. Spare diet and plenty of green food, especially lettuce leaves in summer or cabbage in winter, is the best treatment for fowls in such condition.

Poultry need far more care during damp, rainy or wet weather than during the dry, warm weather of summer or the clear cold of winter, for dampness engenders numerous disorders, many of which are difficult to cure; therefore it is always better to apply the preventive than to administer a supposed cure.

Feeding pens that will admit little chickens and restrain grown fowls will be found very useful and convenient after a while. Why not take advantage of a leisure hour and make one? A bundle of ceiling lath, a few roofing lath, some nails, a saw, hammer, square, a little ingenuity and elbow grease, and it is done.

Many times beginners wonder why their little chickens, who seem to be as lively as crickets when they are a few days old, begin to droop and generally drop off one by one till they are all dead. Look on the top of the head and under the throat and the cause will soon be discovered—lice. Prevention in this is far better than cure.

For young stock corn and oatmeal is best, with vegetables added. But cooked food two-thirds of the time is better than a large proportion of dry grains in any description. Those who have never tried this mode of feeding fowls will quickly discover the difference between this and the old plan of throwing whole corn and oats to their flocks continually.

Hens do much better when allowed a free range outdoors than when confined. Darwin says: "In Europe close confinement has marked effect on the fertility of the fowl; in France it has been found that with fowls allowed considerable freedom twenty per cent. only of their eggs fail to hatch; with less freedom, forty per cent. failed; and in close confinement sixty per cent. were not hatched." These facts should be borne in mind by breeders of fowls.

Recipes.

HOE-CAKE.—Scald one quarter of corn with just enough hot water to make a thick batter; stir in two large spoonfuls of butter; beat this a little before mixing it with the butter so it rise rapidly; add a half a teaspoonful of salt. This should be baked at least three-quarters of an hour; butter the tins well in which it is baked; serve hot. This is decidedly economical, and it is very nourishing.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Cracker pudding is made by taking six milk crackers and rolling them very fine. Let them soak in two teacupfuls of water; then add the grated rind and the juice of two large lemons, and two and a half cups of sugar. Make some nice puff paste with which to line the pudding dish. Bake for half an hour. This may be eaten with or without sauce. If with sauce make that in this way: Beat one egg, add a little water, thicken it with cornstarch, sweeten to taste. Reserve a little of the lemon rind for flavoring. Let it just come to a boil.

BROWN STEW.—Take three pounds of good round of beef, cut it in small squares, brown them in a stewpan in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, sifting it gradually in and stirring till the flour is brown; cut a carrot small, peel half a dozen small onions, and put with the beef; season with half a dozen cloves, as many allspice, a half saltspoonful of black pepper, a pinch of cayenne, a tablespoonful of mixed herbs, thyme, sage and majoram; cover with boiling water and let it simmer steadily for three hours; just before serving a gill of tomato catchup can be added.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Cranberry jelly that is pleasing to the eye as well as to the taste is made in this way: Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a very little water, and to this add one pint and a half of cranberry juice, strained so that it is perfectly clear. While you are straining it let the gelatine and water boil until it is thick, then stir in the juice and half a pound of sugar; let this come to a boil; have jelly boards at hand and strain the jelly through a muslin cloth into them.

Household Hints.

Kerosene oil will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new, but it is very sure to injure the leather at the same time. Castor oil is the best thing in the world to use on boots and shoes.

To remove the iron taste from new bottles boil a handful of hay in them and repeat the process if necessary. Hay water is a great sweetener of tin, wooden and iron ware. In Irish dairies everything used for milk is scalded with hay water.

To remove milkdew soap the spots, and while yet wet cover them with fine chalk well rubbed in.

A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be easily removed.

FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Women.

There are in Paris a hundred women journalists.

Many St. Louis ladies are learning to play on the banjo.

Widows, says Clara Bell, writing from New York, are fashionable just now. A young widow with any charms at all can have all the suitors she wants.

Miss Rosa Rosenthal, of Atlanta, Ga., has the honor to be the first young lady in the State to receive a diploma which entitles her to write M. D. after her name.

The employment of a female physician as the head of a female insane retreat at Harrisburg has been so successfull that Dr. Alice Bennett has been placed in charge of the 400 lunatic women at the Norristown (Pa) asylum.

Certain philanthropic young ladies of Fort Smith, Ark., have organized a band called the "Orphans' Friends," for the purpose of sewing buttons on, etc., for the young bachelors who are away from home and without domestic assistance in keeping their harness in repair.

Worldly mutation never had a more powerful illustration than in the death in London, the other night, of Lady Agnes MacLean. She was the daughter of an English marquis, the widow, first of the Comte de Montmorency, and afterward of a clergyman named MacLean; and she was ejected from her poor tenement in London and died in the waiting-room of St. Pancras workhouse.

A fashionable novelty in perfumery has been invented in Austria, and is called "the book of soap." Each leaf is enough when torn out for one good wash. The books vary in sizes; the smaller are for the hands only, and are no larger than pocketbooks. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds, then it floats and is placed in the center of the hand, where it soon, with gentle friction, froths. A page of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is not unlike an ivory tablet.

Fashion Fancies.

Lace frills are worn around the neck and wrists as much as ever.

Lace of various kinds is the preferred trimming for silk underwear.

Large sagging puffs form the paniers of many new model costumes.

New table linen of the finest grades comes in tinted grounds, with damask designs in white on one side, while on the other the order is reversed.

Baby dresses without waists, the skirts attached to the yokes or bands around the shoulders, will be the popular summer garments for little girls under ten.

Dress skirts are surely growing fuller and wider, and this decided tendency to bouffant styles has, as history plainly shows, been almost invariably the forerunner of crinoline.

Pretty damask towels, with Mother Goose's melodies illustrated in the colored borders at the ends, are cut in two to make fancy bibs for children. The figures and the legend in verse are both put into the designs.

The most startling parasols exhibited thus far are those of vermilion satin, lined with old gold silk and trimmed with double ruffles of wide gold lace. The ferrules are surrounded by a wreath of brilliant scarlet roses mixed with small yellow sunflowers.

For small boys and girls there are Manila hats with wide brim springing up in basin shape from the crown. The brim is faced with velvet. The trimming for girls' hats is ostrich plumes; boys' hats are trimmed with a large cord and several silk pompons.

Pleasing costumes are made of camel's-hair cloths in dark colors, finished with many rows of stitching done on machines which make the chain-stitch, in silk twist, shaded colors. The effect is unique, and this finish is peculiarly suitable for dresses worn on the street.

Velvet is used as drapery and finish on the most most ethereal materials. A late costume is of nun's veiling in grounding pale maize color, with a floral design thrown up on the face of carnations in shades of moss-green, made up with scarf drapery and other finish of moss-green velvet.

The newest caprice in French lingerie is to combine laces of two tints in one article of underwear; for instance, flat collarettes and vests of the flax-gray twine lace have ruches and plaitings of ivory-white Languedoc lace with them, and the same arrangement is seen in fichus and doubled frills.

Paris millinery presents many new caprices this season, such as a saucy sailor hat called the Boston, a handkerchief bonnet larger than the Fanchon, soft crowned turbans of new shapes, and finally the climax is reached in a revival of the caleche bonnet with a shirred rattan top, that this generation has only seen worn upon the stage.

Wash dresses of linen lawn, chambery and Scotch ginghams, preparing for summer mornings in the country, are made as simply as even the laundress could desire, with a round basque, apron overskirt and gathered flounces, but they are given an elaborate effect by their garniture of embroidered muslin for collar, vest, cuffs and edgings on the flounces.

Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or sands on the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes:

It is a great mistake to set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own articles; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate the sufferings of all that need alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

The Center of Population.

What statisticians understand by the term center of population, it may be well to explain, is the point at which equilibrium would be reached were the country taken as a plane surface without weight, but capable of sustaining weight, and the inhabitants distributed over it in number and position as they are found at the period under consideration, each inhabitant being supposed to be of equal weight, and consequently to exert pressure on the pivotal point in direct proportion to his distance therefrom. The first census of the United States, taken in 1790, showed the center of population to be on the eastern shore of Maryland, about twenty-two miles from Baltimore, and near the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude. From that point it has moved westward at the average rate of about fifty-one miles in a decade, never deviating as much as a degree to the north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel.

In 1880 the center was near the village of Taylorsville, Ky., about eight miles west by south of Cincinnati, the westward progress being fifty-eight miles, and the deflection to the south about eight. The census of 1890 will probably discover it in Jennings county, in Southeastern Indiana. If there is no great change in the rate of Western movement of population, the central point, still traveling, as it doubtless will, on a line closely corresponding to the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, will not cross the Mississippi river until 1950, when it will be found not far from the mouth of the Missouri. It is not improbable, however, that it will never reach that stream, but will remain nearly stationary somewhere in Southern Illinois. There are large areas of country in the far West unfit for habitation, save where deposits of the precious metals are found, and other considerable areas where grazing, which supports but a scanty population, will always be the chief industry. The increase of population in the trans-Mississippi region may not, therefore, much more than counterbalance the increase in the older settled portion of the country after the close of the present century. In estimating the changes and progress of the future we must not forget that, marvelous as is the growth of the new West, it is only a little more rapid than that of the great middle region between the Hudson and the Mississippi. The State of New York, it must be remembered added 700,000 to her population between 1870 and 1880. Pennsylvania 160,000, and Ohio 532,000. The increase in each of these old States would made a Western State as populous as Nebraska.—*New York Tribune.*

Cannibalism in Fiji.

It certainly is a wonder that the Fiji isles were not altogether depopulated, owing to the number who were killed. Thus, in Namena, in the year 1851, fifty bodies were cooked for one feast. And when the men of Bau were at war with Verata they carried off 260 bodies, seventeen of which were piled on a canoe and sent to Rewa, where they were received with wild joy, dragged about the town, and subjected to every species of indignity ere they finally reached the ovens. Then, too, just think of the number of lives sacrificed in a country where infanticide was a recognized institution, and where widows were strangled as a matter of course! Why, on one occasion, when there had been a horrible massacre of Namena people at Viwa, and upward of 100 fishermen had been murdered and their bodies carried as bokola to the ovens at Bau, no less than eighty women were strangled to do honor to the dead, and corpses lay in every direction of the mission station! It is just thirty years since the Rev. John Watsford, writing from here, described how twenty-eight victims had been seized in one day while fishing. They were brought here alive, and only stunned when put into the ovens. Some of the miserable creatures attempted to escape from the scorching bed of red-hot stones, but only to be driven back and buried in that living tomb, whence they were taken a few hours later to feast their barbarous captors. He adds that more human beings were eaten on this little isle of Bau than anywhere else in Fiji. It is very hard, indeed, to realize that the peaceful village on which I am now looking has really been the scene of such horrors as these, and that many of the gentle, kindly people around me have actually taken part in them.—*Cumming.*

A Hanging in London.

After the sentence of death has been passed the condemned person is at once placed in solitary confinement, where he remains under close surveillance until the time of his execution arrives. When the fatal day arrives the paraphernalia of death is brought forth in the shape of a movable scaffold, which is kept in a convenient place ready for service, and hardly a week goes by that it is not used. The executions all take place in the jail yard, which is a paved court surrounded by a high stone wall. The scaffold is surrounded by a rope ten or twelve feet distant on all sides, to keep back the few spectators. When the appointed time arrives, which is generally about 12 o'clock in the day, the condemned man is led from his cell accompanied by a priest or preacher, according to the creed of the condemned, and a single guard. Standing upon the raised platform, awaiting their coming, is the man who is to do the work which requires so much fortitude and physical courage to carry out. He is dressed in plain black clothing, and his face is covered with a black domino. When the condemned man is placed over the trap, a short time, say ten minutes, is allowed the priest to offer up a prayer for the rest of the soul of the departing man; then his legs and arms are firmly bound, the black cap placed over his head, the noose properly adjusted around his neck, the lever pulled and the man dives through the trap about four feet and all is over with him. When the prison doctor pronounces life extinct the body is cut down and taken into a receptacle under the jail and buried in

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

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COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

A Mass Convention of the Democratic party of Forsyth County, will be held on Saturday, the 24th of June, 1882, at the Court-House, in Winston, to appoint delegates to the State Convention, to be held on the 5th of July next, and to the Judicial and Congressional Conventions hereafter to be called.

All Democrats of the county are requested to attend.

By order of the Executive Committee.
M. W. NORFLEET, Ch'm.

—Two illicit distilleries were captured in Randolph County last week.

—Outrages and assassinations in Ireland have been renewed.

—The owners of the Monticello Graveyard will under no circumstances allow the remains of Thomas Jefferson to be disturbed.

—The graduating class at West Point is very small—only 37. Edward Burr, Missouri, stood first; E. T. Crosby, Mississippi, third; E. J. Spencer, Missouri, fourth. The other Southern graduates were: A. Millar, Kentucky; John T. Thompson, Kentucky; Henry T. Allen, Kentucky; Thomas B. Dugan, Maryland; Charles P. Elliott, South Carolina; Barrington C. West, Kentucky; George W. McIver, North Carolina; W. W. Forsythe, Georgia; F. G. Irwin, Jr., Tennessee; Magnus O. Hollis, Georgia; James A. Goodin, Kentucky; Geo. P. Ahern, Florida.

—The regular annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association will be held in Chapel Hill on Friday, July 7. The laws relating to public schools, the school system and other matters concerning the profession will be discussed, and the regular election of officers will be held. All teachers in the State whether public or private schools, are invited to be present, and teachers' association in the several counties or districts are requested to send delegates.

GEO. T. WINSTON, Pres

—The largest sale of tobacco that has ever been made in this country or perhaps in the world was concluded a few days ago in New York between a well-known Broadway firm and an Italian contractor representing the Italian Government Bureau or Tobacco *Regie*. In France, Austria, Italy and Spain the tobacco business is a great government monopoly, and the privilege of dealing in tobacco is given to contractors under the *Regie* upon the payment of a royalty to the government, after which the contractors control the business in the entire country. This representative of the Italian *Regie* purchased 12,244 hogsheads of leaf tobacco at the rate of $150 a hogshead, ss that the bill amounted to $1,836,600.

—The criminal news of a single week makes a sad showing of boyish depravity: A boy of Belleville, Ill., killed the girl who rejected his addresses on account of his dissipation. Two Arkansas boys quarreled over a rabbit hunt, and one slew the other with an axe. A St. Louis boy stabbed a playmate who teased him for his ignorance of English. A West Virginia boy shot his rival in a girl's affection. A Virginia boy confessed the poisoning of two persons. A Texas boy shot a little girl because she refused to put down a pail when he ordered her to. A Kansas boy is on trial for intentionally drowning a playfellow. Two Wisconsin boys maltreated a child nearly to death. Three boys pleaded guilty of highway robbery in Chicago. An Iowa boy is a forger. A Missouri boy set fire to a house. A New Mexico boy shot a baby. A Colorado horse thief is aged 8 years, and none of the other criminals mentioned was over sixteen.—*Patriot.*

A Traveler's Story.

After spending months at watering places and consulting the best physicians without benefit, I returned home disheartened and expected to die. A friend urged a trial of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Three bottles and careful diet have brought me excellent health and spirits, and I hope experience may benefit similar sufferers.—Cincinnati. See other column.

–Persons recovering from wasting diseases, such as malaria, fevers, etc., will be greatly benefitted by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters, a true tonic.

Moravian Synod.

TUESDAY MORNING, June 6, 1882.

After the Synod had been duly organized a resolution was offered and accepted to change the present Constitution, so that instead of having to elect a member to fill the vacancy in the P. E. Conference thro' Dr. Rondthaler's resignation, tendered by him, but not yet accepted by Synod, said selection be made from the Church at large, instead of from the acting or retired ministers in this Province. As it required a committee of nine, elected by ballot, to offer an amendment to the Constitution, an election was held accordingly, and in order to give the committee time to report, Synod adjourned until 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Committe on Change of Constitution reported resolutions offering a change in the Constitution, and after some discussion and explanation, were unanimously adopted by Synod on the first vote. Two other ballots were necessary to effect a change.

Next was a report from the Union Commission, presenting a plan by which the contemplated union might be consummated at once without, as was ence thought, waiting for legislative enactments. The plan was something unexpected by Synod and, upon request, Bro. John Fries gave a complete analysis of the plan and its contemplated workings, upon which it was unanimously accepted by Synod, and is looked upon as a happy solution of all difficulties in this respect.

Next came the resignation of the present P. E. C., followed by the resignation of the Union Commission. Rev. R. P. Lineback, on the part of Synod, in accepting these resolutions, spoke in a feeling and impressive manner, touching upon the past history of this Province for more than a hunlrep years, and the regret felt by all at the apparent necessity for the steps now about to be taken; but entertaining the confident belief that it would, ultimately, be for the best, and concluded by tendering a resolution of thanks to the retiring P. E. C. and Union Commission for the satisfactory manner in which they had discharged their duties The resolution was unanimously accepted by Synod. Synod adjourned to meet Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Closing prayer by Rev. E. P. Greider.

WEDNESDAY EVENING AND THURSDAY MORNING.

On Wednesday evening the second vote on the amended Constitution was taken and amendments passed.

On Thursday morning the final vote of acceptance was taken, resulting in confirming the change in the constitution, and thus uniting the Southern and Northern Provinces of the Moravian Church under one governing board.

The chairman delivered an appropriate address, and the Provincial Synod of the Southern Province adjourned *sine die.*

From Washington.

—The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on last Tuesday: Geo. P. Pomeroy to be agent and consul-general of the United States at Cairo; E. I. Brulatour, of Louisiana, to be secretary of legation of the United States at Paris; Eccles G. Van Riper, to be consul of the United States at Moscow; Lyman G. Wilcox, to be receiver of public moneys at Detroit, Michigan; Willard S. Hickox, to be receiver at Durango, Col.; Daniel L. Sheets, to be register of land office at Durango.

The Senate in executive session Wednesday confirmed the following nominations: E. J. Brulatour, of Louisiana, to be secretary of legation at Paris; John W. Howell, to be collector of customs at Fernandina, Florida; Thomas Wing, of Illinois, to be register of land office at Prescott, Arizona; Matthias Wolley to be postmaster at Long Branch, New Jersey, and John W. Arnold, at Columbus, Georgia.

To the Public.

From the Leader.

WINSTON, N. C., June 9, '82.

While the venom, falsehoods and motives of the resolution denouncing me as a gentleman, passed by a few so-called Republicans are apparent upon its face, I deem it my duty to notice briefly the said resolution, as it goes to the public accredited with the name and influence of a Republican County Convention.

By holding the township meetings at night and by keeping the place of meeting a secret, the ex Revenue cabal succeeded in securing as delegates to the County Convention a few dirty men, with dirtier characters, pledged to commit the brutal attack upon me.. Of the said Convention, the following men are ex-Revenue officers, all working for a common purpose, viz: W H Wheeler, J W Goslen, A L Stipe, J F Hellen, John Tucker, F A Tucker, Eli Mullican, George Elliott, Timothy Boose, H L Shore and J A Nifong. These men with the assistance of one or two others who have personal grievances to satisfy, governed the Convention absolutely in their own interest and not for the welfare of the Republican party. The rest of the delegates were ignorant and willing puppets in their hands, as they voted for me for State Senator and then again as Elector, I can come to no other conclusion. They declare me arrogant, and discourteous, when they have never had any personal or official relations with me. I never spoke to one of them in my life with the exception of the men I have named and will name before I am through. Right here I will say that J. F. Hellen and A. L. Stipe were elected delegates from the Winston township exclusively by the vote of negroes, Judge Starbuck and Mayor Wilson having received the votes of all the white men and the votes of several influential colored men. Delegate George D. Wise, (col.,) and assistant Secretary Rev. R. Smith, (col.,) were the men that went to the Goldsboro colored Convention for the purpose of denouncing me, on money given them by the Hon. Secretary, J. F. Hellen.

Resolution passed by Convention, prepared by Goslen and Hellen, Ex- Revenue officers, and introduced by J. P. Vest, a discharged Mail agent and Revenue office seeker.

RESOLVED, That we condemn theappointment of Geo. B. Everitt as Collector of Internal Revenue in this district. His inordinate egotism, his disgusting arrogance and want of common politeness towards those with whom he comes in contact, deserve censure, and in our opinion his pretended affiliation with the Republican party was only for office which was denied him by his former allies, the Democrats. We respectfully ask the President to remove him and appoint Dr. W. H. Wheeler, a true Republican who enjoys the respect and confidence of the people.

Resolution passed by the Negro Convention of Winston slightly modified, and which was written by J. W. Goslen, the original in his handwriting, being in my possession.

WHEREAS, Geo. B. Everitt was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for this, the 5th District of N. C., against the express wishes of Republicans and the respectable portion of the Democrats, and whereas in our opinion he is not now, nor never was a true Republican, is only a half-breed, we are informed and believe that while he acted with the Democrats, they refused to give him office and his pretended affiliation with the Republican party is only for the purpose of obtaining office therefore be it

Resolved, That we the colored Republicans of the County of Forsyth in Convention assembled, earnestly protest against his appointment and continuance in office, and do respectfully ask the President that he be removed and Dr. W. H. Wheeler, a true Republican and a friend of his administration, and the colored people be appointed.

The resolution of the County Convention was introduced as I said by J P Vest. Vest just before I was appointed Collector, was discharged from the Mail service on account of old age and incompetency, on the recommendation of W. H. Wheeler. He came to me twice for a position, and urged his claims on the ground that he had been turned out by Wheeler because he had done all he could against him and in my interest. Having failed to secure the position himself, he got Judge Starbuck to see me twice in his behalf, and tried to get other men whom he thought had influence over me to come in his interest. Here is a man therefore resolving Wheeler in and me out when he did all he could to put Wheeler out and me in, simply because I wouldn't give him an office. One word as to John F. Tucker, a prominent delegate, and I will dismiss the crowd to the silent scorn and comtempt which they so richly merit. Mr. Tucker nominated Arthur for President in 1884, with three cheers. It is a notorious fact that this man Tucker scratched my name off his own vote and off the votes of fourteen others and was preparing other voters to do the same, when he was stopped in his dastardly work by one or two good Republicans in the election of 1880. While I was therefore giving my body and soul as Elector to Arthur, this man Tucker was doing his best to defeat him, and now resolves that I am a pretended Republican and himself a "true blue." I could thus go on and dissect a half dozen others and hold them up to public derision, but the yare unworthy of my time or public notice. From this card my fellow-citizens can learn how to treat all future attacks on me emanating from these men. I shall never notice them again.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. B. EVERITT.

The Liberal Movement.

Condensed from the Raleigh News-Observer.

The anti-prohibitionists held their State Convention in Raleigh on Wednesday last. It was composed of about one hundred and twenty white delegates and thirty negroes. There were probably forty Democrats present.

The platform demands that all county officers be elected by the people; the repeal of the prohibition act; favors a liberal system of public instruction by State and national government, and the application of all the funds arising from the tax on distilled spirits by the general government, to the common schools of the States, the same to be disbursed by State officers.

The vote for Congressman-at-large was for Dockery 125; for Price 25. The vote for Dockery was made unanimous.

Nominations for the position of Supreme Court Judges were made as follows:

Jacob A. Long, of Caswell, for the 5th district.

Wm. A. Guthrie, of Cumberland, 4th district.

John A. Moore, of Halifax, 2d district.

Mr. McDowell urged the endorsement of Judge Mills L. Eure, as a good and pure man. Capt. E. P. Powers said he did not "want any Eure in his." Eure was a Democrat, and this must be an aggressive campaign. He nominated C. C. Pool as Judge of the First District. Col. Young moved that C. C. Pool and C. W. Grandy both be endorsed, as their names were both to be brought before the Republican convention of that district. This was agreed to, and both were endorsed.

Frank H. Darby, of New Hanover 3d district.

L. F. Churchill, of Rutherford county, 6th district.

J. E. O'Hara moved that if any nominations made by the convention become vacant, the executive committee shall have power to fill it.

The following executive committee was then announced by Chairman Johnston:

State-at-Large. — William Johnston, J. E. O'Hara, Charles Price, C. G. Bailey, E P. Power. First District; W. A. Moore; second district, Daniel Johnston; third district, H. Brunhild; fourth district, J. H. Renfrow; fifth district, Wm. Henderson; sixth district, Abram Elliott; seventh district, T. N. Cooper; eighth district, W. M. Cocke, Jr.

Mike's Widow Gets $12,000.

From the Charlotte Observer.

The big law suit of the widow of Michael O'Donnell, the engineer who was killed on the 7th of January, 1881, near Lexington, by the rock slide into which his engine ran, against the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, was ended in Salisbury last Saturday night about 11 o'clock. The widow sued for $25,000 damages, but the jury returned a verdict allowing her $12,000. The railroad company had tried to make a compromise with Mrs. O'Donnell, offering to give her $100 per month and pay all the expenses of having her children educated, so long as she remained a widow, but this proposed compromise she rejected and engaged brilliant legal talent to institute suit for damages, setting her figures at $25,000. The case was first set for trial at Lexington, but the railroad company had the case moved to Mocksville, and from there to Salisbury, where it was finally taken up on Tuesday of last week.

Judge Mills L. Eure occupied the bench, while the widow was represented by Messrs. W. H. Bailey, J. M. Clement. J. M. McCorkle and C. L. Heitman, and the railroad company was defended by ex-Judge David Schenck, Messrs. Kerr Craige, Frank Robbins, C. B. Watson and L. H. Clements. A finer display of legal talent is seldom drawn together before the courts of this State, and each side of the case was most excellently managed. Every point and turn of affairs in the course of the trial was eagerly watched by the lawyers and they contested and argued with a show of animation and vigor that is not often seen in our court-rooms.

Especially sharp were the passes between Judge Schenck and Mr. Bailey, and at one time they were handling each other so warmly that Judge Eure, from his seat on the bench, had to call them to order, and threatened that if they did not desist, he would have each one of them sent to jail and confined therein for thirty days. Judge Schenck responded to this threat from the bench that he might be sent to jail and he would go and stay, but on his release he would use the same language again, which justice to his clients compelled him to do, and he could not be intimidated.

Through the whole course of the trial, we are told, these animated wrangles between the two eminent legal gentlemen were kept up, but it was not until the closing up of the trial on Saturday evening, when the lawyers were making their closing speeches, that it culminated in a display of muscle. Mr. Heitman had delivered a speech setting forth the merits of his side of the case, and Judge Schenck rose to reply to him. The Judge was using Mr. Heitman with ungloved hands, speaking with great vehemence and in a most cutting manner. Mr. Bailey jumped to his feet and declared that the Judge was exceeding his bounds as an attorney and he would not permit his brother attorney to be slandered and blackguarded, and at the same time he moved toward Judge Schenck.

There was a scene of considerable excitement in the court-room at this time, the lawyers all jumping to their feet and endeavoring to get between the gentlemen to avert the collision which they saw was sure to result. The two were at each other in an instant, and Mr. Bailey received a well-directed blow over the eye from Judge Schenck; which he returned, and they were going for each other in a decidedly lively style, when the interference of friends put a stop to it. After order had been restored, Judge Eure imposed a fine of fifty dollars upon each, but this he afterwards revoked. Judge Schenck and Mr. Bailey later on had explanations and made it up between them, parting as good friends at last.

On the whole it was what might be well termed a lively court and one that will be talked about with a smile in after years.

The railroad company appealed from the verdict of the jury and will take the case to a higher court.

$400,000 in a Cave.

St. Louis Republican.

J. B. Crutchfield, a trusted correspondent, writing to the *Republican* from Gallatin, Tenn., says: Mr. D. K. Spillers, a prominent merchant of Gallatin, and Major W. S. Munday, while exploring the cave recently discovered on the farm of Colonel James Alexander, which for the last five years has been the rendezvous of the James brothers' gang of outlaws, discovered a large flat rock in one of the chambers, and thinking that some of the secrets of the gang might be hidden away under it removed it with great difficulty, when to their utter astonishment, a large cast iron sugar kettle, filled with specie and jewels of various kinds, met their view. They could hardly believe their senses, but finally managed to examine the treasure and found that there was over $400,000 in specie, besides numerous gold watches, rings, diamonds and other jewelry of great value. Major Munday guarded the great treasure while Mr. Spillers hastened to Gallatin, and securing his horse and wagon returned as soon as possible to the cave. They placed the kettle and its contents in the wagon and drove rapidly to Gallatin and at once deposited their treasure in the vaults of the Summer Deposit Company. The greatest excitement prevails, and the Summer Guards have been ordered to the cave to prevent a hungry horde of curiosity hunters and treasure seekers from completely ransacking it.

This is the second lot of valuables found in the cave since the death of Jesse James. Thousands of visitors have been denied admission by Col. Alexander, and it is only by strenuous efforts that any portion of its contents are spared from seekers of mementoes of the great bandits.

A consideroble portion of the jewelry is in the original boxes as they left the jewelers, and contain the addresses of many jewelers throughout the west nnd also a few in the east. A watch bears the inscription of Joseph Grover, Natchez, Miss., and a pair of bracelets are marked Mrs. W. J. Johnson, Natchez, Miss. Many others are marked in full, and will be returned to the owners, provided they can be found and prove their property. Colonel Alexander has already sent a great many of the lot to several parties in various portions of the United States. Further explorations will be made at once, as it is thought other valuables may still be hidden in the cave.

Egypt.

Twenty persons Killed and Three Consuls Wounded During a Riot in Alexander.

LONDON, June 11.—Serious riots broke out at Alexandria to-day between the hostile natives and Europeans, during which several persons were killed and wounded and a number of houses destroyed. The police at first remained inactive.

The disturbances continued some time before the authorities took any steps to suppress them. The English Consul was severely hurt, receiving a gun-shot wound. An engineer of the British man-of-war Superb was killed. The disturbances continued five hours, when a body of military appeared and dispersed the rioters.

Riotous demonstrations have taken place before the French Consulate, to which several of those mortally wounded at the outbreak of the riots were conveyed.

The Greek Consul and the Italian Vice-Consul were also severely wounded.

The British man-of-war Superb will arrive in port during the night and will land 200 men to protect the British Consulate. Boats will be sent to take on board all British subjects who desire to leave Alexandria.

It is estimated that twenty persons were killed, but exact particulars are as yet unobtainable.

Later dispatches say: "So far as ascertainable, the rioting in Alexandria commenced on a street near the Great Square. The immediate cause was the stabbing of an Arab by a Maltese. A mob of natives collected, cleared the street with sticks and made their way into the Great Square, where they demolished the music pavilions and the furniture in the adjoining cafes. Europeans precipitately left the square and took refuge for some time at the French Consulate. Soldiers were called out but they looked on without interfering during the work of demolition and bloodshed."

The *Standard's* dispatch says: "The British Consul was wounded on the head with a bludgeon. He is progressing favorably. The mob sacked the shops of Europeans. Egyptian troops occupy the chief points in the city."

The *News'* dispatch from Alexandria says: "The Rue des Soeurs, inhabited chiefly by Europeans, was completely wrecked. The Europeans fired from the windows, killing many Arabs. The latter made terrible havoc among the Europeans in the streets. The British Consul was dragged from his carriage and beaten. Dervisch Pasha and Arabi Bey have left Cairo for Alexandria."

The correspondent of the *Times* at Alexandria states that the engineer of the British man-of-war Superb was stabbed to death. The captain of the British iron-clad Invincible is in charge of the British Consulate.

The *News* says it understands that if the mission to Dervisch Pasha proves successful England will not feel disposed to insist on the conference.

—In countries where malaria is prevalent, or where the climate is subject to sudden changes—should be found in every house Brown's Iron Bitters.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore.
Nov. 28, 1881.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.

JOS. MCCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$1 20 to 1 25
Corn, per bushel,	1 00 to 1 10
Oats, " "	60 to 70
Rye, " "	00 to 1 15
Barley, per bush.	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	3 00 to 3 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	1 15 to 1 25
Peas, (white,) " "	1 25 to 1 50
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	8 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	12 to 14
" Hams'	12 to 15
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	10 to 15
Butter, per pound,	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.	00 to 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 00
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to 0
Chickens, per dozen,	2 00 to 2 50
Hay, per hundred,	60 to 70
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00 to 00
Blackberries,	0 to 00
Whortleberries,	0 to 00
Dried Cherries	0 to 00
Dried Apples	0 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	3 50 to 4 50
" Good	5 50 to 7 00
" Bright	6 50 to 12 00
" Good	8 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 15 00
Fillers Common	6 00 to 7 00
" Good	9 00 to 10 00
" Fine	10 00 to 14 00
Wrappers Common	1 00 to 18 00
" Good	30 00 to 40 00
" Fine	40 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	50 00 to 75 00

IMMENSE NURSERY STOCK.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Apple, Peach, Pear and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines and Strawberry Plants etc,

ever grown at the

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES,

is now offered for fall planting to the fruit planting public.

All the new as well as the old leading sorts of all kinds of hardy fruits are grown there.

Orders early.

Send name and address for catalogue with prices.

Address,
N. W. CRAFT,
Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.
May 25, 1882.–21-9 mo.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

Two Three Cent Stamps.—On receipt of two three cent stamps the undersigned will send two sets of four cards each, of different designs, suitable for Albums or Card Books.

J. H. GOODWIN,
150 Franklin Street, Baltimore, M. D.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

—Pure Linen Pads, ruled and unruled, for foreign correspondence, cheap and good, at Blum's Salem Bookstore

DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 8th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing Affections of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other poisonous drugs and at moderate expense.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from organic weakness that unfits its victims for business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express everywhere, but where possible personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE and invited. List of questions to be answered by patients desiring treatment mailed free to any address on application.

Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Communications strictly confidential, and should be addressed

DR. BUTTS, 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE —Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are young and discretion or dissipated or single, old or poor health or languishing, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

If you are a man of letters toiling over mid-night work, to restore brain nerveand waste, use Hop B.

If suffering from any indiscretion; if you are a young, suffering from the effects of a bad habit, use Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE!

LIST YOUR TAXES.

SOUTH FORK TOWNSHIP.

I WILL attend at the following times and places for the purpose of taking the tax lists in South Fork township, to wit:

At Flat Rock School House, June 1,
At William Stafford's, June 2.
At James Griffith's, June 3.
At Dr. Osborne's, June 6.
At Winston, June 7.
At William Ebert's, June 8.

JOHN BOYER, Tax Lister.
May 22, 1882.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

The Best, Cleanest and most Economical Hair Dressing.

Never Fails to Restore the youthful color to gray hair. 50c and $1 sizes at druggists.

Floreston Cologne.

A new and exceedingly fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 75c.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives it may save yours.

HISCOX & CO., 162 William St., New York. 50c. and one dollar sizes, at all dealers in medicines.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

Seminal Pastille

TRADE MARK. No. 2 STRONG.

An entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency by the only true way, viz., Direct Application to the principal seat of the Disease. This is the remedy so long sought for, and at last found. It is entirely unlike any other, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life. The seeds of Institutional ruin and the last train of many severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. There is no nonsense about this preparation. Common observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give perfect satisfaction. It is unequaled by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of relieving and curing this very prevalent trouble. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes, of three sizes, No. 1 (Setting a month), $1. No. 2 (sufficient in most cases), $2. No. 3 (lasting over three months, and in bad cases), $3. Sent by mail, sealed from observation, Full directions for using accompany each box.

Pamphlet free, containing a treatise on Seminal Diseases, which will prove of great value to many. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address all orders to

HARRIS REMEDY CO., MFG CHEMISTS, Market and 8th Streets, ST. LOUIS, MO.

LOOK OUT!

N. T. SHORE & CO.,

SALEM, N. C.

HAVING carried on the GROCERY BUSINESS for the past 12 months, we announce to the citizens of Salem, Winston and vicinity, and the public generally, that we intend in the future, as in the past, to keep the best stock of

Family Groceries,

ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal.

Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.

Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

Oysters, Sardines, Salmon.

Plain and Fancy Candies.

No. 1 Syrup, as good as the best. No 2 and 5 Syrup and Cuba and New Orleans Molasses. Baker's Chocolate.

CHOICE BACON AND LAR AND GOOD FLOUR AND MEAL

always on hand.

No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco,

and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity.

Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods, with many other articles too tedious to mention.

Country Produce

Bought for Cash or Barter.

CALL AND SEE US.

Thanking you for your kind patronage we hope to merit a continuance of the same

N. T. SHORE & CO.,
West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.–18.

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

MEXICAN MUSTANG

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

LINIMENT

which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as

Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisons, Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Fits upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 23, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH BURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The *very best* medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure* cure every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MONSOMA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in several cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
L. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it *always cures.* Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. B. IVIE.

SACO, ME., Jan. 26, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. SPERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
DR. E. MORTON.

U. S. CONSULATE,
CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. FOSTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
R. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

SALEM ACADEMY

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Thursday, June 15th, 1882.

9 o'clock, A. M.

Music. Die Schœne Galathea. **Overture for four hands**.....*Suppe.*
(MISS ERWIN and SIG. D'ANNA.)

Reading of Scripture, and Prayer.

Salutatory Address.
MISS LUCY PATTERSON, Russellville, Tennessee.

Essays.

Eyes and No Eyes.....MISS KIRKPATRICK, La Grange, N. C.
Our Books.....MISS LILY JONES, Salem, N. C.
The Vanity of Human Wishes.....MISS KATE HOLLAND, Winston, N. C.
Nothing is Lost.....MISS WILLIE TRAVNHAM, High Point, N. C.
When my Ship comes in.....MISS BETTIE PEACOCK, La Grange, N. C.

Music. Route en Train. **Galop de Concert pour deux pianos**.....*Alberti.*
(MISS HUNTER and MISS E. MOREHEAD.)

Essays.

Mother, Home and Heaven.....MISS GERTRUDE MILLER, Salem, N. C.
The River of Time.....MISS LOUISE BITTING, Winston, N. C.
The Aesthetic Craze.....MISS FANNY BEST, Goldsboro, N.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Rain.

—Tomatoes.

—June apples.

—Weather warmer.

—Early corn in tassel.

—June half gone to-day.

—New honey in market.

—Guiteau to be hung on the 30th.

—New Moon to-day, 1.13 in afternoon.

—C. F. Bahnson and family, of Farmington, Davie County, were in town last week.

—Mrs. M. L. Crist and Mrs. E. A. Vogler have returned from their visit visit to Madison.

—Clocks and jewelry repaired at short notice and in the neatest style by T. M. Butner.

—Mrs. L. B. Wurreschke and children have returned from their visit to the country.

—C. W. Vogler is attending the Commencement of Davidson College.

—Miss Mary M. Zevely is at home from a short visit to her sister, Mrs. T. R. Purnell, of Raleigh.

—Henry E. Fries and lady and Miss Lula Fries are attending Commencement at Davidson College.

—Miss Mollie Murphy, one of Salisbury's accomplished young ladies, is visiting Miss Laura Lemly.

—Chas. Bennett, of I. W. Durham's marble works, Raleigh, spent several days at his home in Salem, this week.

—S. E. Butner's age, whose death was announced last week, was 63 years.

—John Nicholson lost a fine milch cow the other day from the effects of a snake bite.

—T. M. Butner, next door to Pfohl & Stockton's, Winston, repairs watches with neatness and dispatch, and is moderate in his charges.

—Thanks to E. F. Small, city view publisher, for a well executed photograph of the late John Vogler's residence.

—We were pleased to meet G. W. Bates and W. C. Crist, of the Singer Sewing Machine office, Greensboro, in town on Sunday last.

—A number of persons from this place and Winston, attended the Commencement Exercises at Trinity, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

—Alexander Ackerman, of this place, has a mowing scythe which has been in use over 30 years, and he says it is good for 10 years more service.

—While at Trinity Commencement last week, our Silver Cornets serenaded the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who complimented them very highly.

—Mr. and Mrs. James F. Brower have returned to their home, in Farmington, Davie County. Miss Emma Keehln accompanied them and will spend several weeks there.

—The office of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, in Winston, has been moved into the new brick building in the rear of Clark & Ford's store, opposite the Post Office.

—Another deer (a doe) escaped from the Academy park last week, but on being pursued by a hunting party made tracks for home and bounded back into her old quarters.

—Spring chickens are coming in the market and command good prices. Their lungs are not developed enough to admit of their making much noise while being handled.

—P. A. Snider will commence a subscription school, in a few weeks, at Union Grove School House, Winston. He should be encouraged.

—On Wednesday of last week the dentists attending the Dental Convention, held in this place, visited Salem Academy, F. & H. Fries' Cotton and Woolen Mills, and other places of interest.

—Travel on the Mt. Airy stage line is on the increase since the opening of Mt Airy White Sulphur Springs. We noticed a regular "old time" four-horse coach on the line last Thursday, the reins being handled by the accommodating young driver, Lewis Snider.

—Miss Annie Clewell is at home, on a visit. Miss Clewell has been a teacher in the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, for a number of years, where she is highly esteemed.

—A good many farmers say that the water melon vines are not doing well so far this season, owning to too much rain in the early part of the season. This will be sad news for old man Henry Reynolds, (col.), who says he has his mouth primed for a good bait on the Fourth of July.

—The mail between this place and Germanton (daily), is carried by a colored boy who travels on foot. The distance to Germanton is 14 miles, which the boy makes in good time, returning in the afternoon in time to make connection with the Railroad mail. The boy walks 168 miles each week. He says he would rather do it than *work*.

—N. S. Cook, tax lister, was at Salem Hotel listing taxes on Tuesday, and at Salem town hall yesterday. He will be at the town hall again to-day (Thursday), and at the Court-house, Winston until the 20th.

—An ice cream and cake festival, for the benefit of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Winston, was held in Pace's warehouse, on Tuesday night, at which a handsome sum was realized.

—Dr. C. Kerner's family have returned from Friedberg to Kernersville. The Dr. will remain at Friedberg for the present.

—Our friend, G. A. Reich, entertained a number of his friends, who called on him on yesterday (Wednesday) to congratulate him on the occasion of his 50th birthday. We extend him our congratulations.

—W. P. Reynolds, of "Sunny Side" farm, shipped the first lot of ripe peaches, of the Amsden variety, on Saturday morning last. His prospects are fine for a very large and choice crop.

—See advertisement of Professor Waff's school, at Waughtown. Prof. Waff has considerable experience in teaching, and we hope the good people of Waughtown and vicinity will give him a liberal support.

—The Salem Silver Cornet Band was well received at Trinity, last week, and highly complimented by the large crowd present. Some of our exchanges call it the Winston Band, but they claim the old name of Salem.

—Shore & Co. have a new brand of smoking tobacco on hand, called the "Golden Bell." Naeman gave us a package on Tuesday to sample, and we were convinced after a few puffs that the "Golden Bell" is worth puffing, and hence this notice. He has cigarettes of the same brand that are hard to beat.

—Among the High Schools in the rural districts, none have a higher educational standard than that of Fork Church, Davie county. Prof. Alderman is a well educated gentleman, and deserves the support of the people of Davie and surrounding counties.

—Col. Joseph Stockton, of the Central Hotel, Winston, kindly escorted us around the improvements of his popular hotel. The new billiard saloon is well arranged, and all the appointments first class. Mr. Stockton intends sodding the ground in front of the house, and putting up a fountain. The refreshing sparkle of its waters will add much to the comfort of his guests.

—Chas. E. Shore, Railroad Postal Clerk, on the route between Wilmington, N. C. and Charleston, S. C., was here with his family visiting his relatives and friends. Charlie is one of the Salem boys who has made a creditable mark, being the youngest and at the same time among the most expert postal clerks in the service. He left for Charleston on Tuesday.

—Miss Crist's older music scholars gave a Musicale on Friday evening a week. The pupils' performances were very creditable, and showed careful and conscientious teaching. This department of Miss Crist's school is a marked feature, and the success attending this and the previous one by the younger pupils was very encouraging and satisfactory both to patrons and teacher.

—The Salem Hotel is among the most pleasant retreats on a hot summer's day to be found anywhere. Its long verandas are always cool and breezy. Here President Geo. Washington rested a few days on his Southern tour in 1791. His room is still pointed out. Hen. Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, was often at its board, and slept beneath its roof. Officers of Green's army took their lunch here in passing on to Guilford Court-House, and later the Southern dignitaries of the young Republic tarried for the night, enroute to Washington. Among them were Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Hon. Geo. McDuffie, Hon. W.C. Preston, of South Carolina. John Ross, Chief of the Cherokees and his braves, before their removal west of the Mississppi, often stopped here, leaving their horses, and taking the stage for Washington. Governors and members of Congress from Georgia, South Carolina and other Southern States frequently rested here. In those days much of the Southern travel to the Viginia Springs passed through Salem. Good freestone and mineral water within a pleasant walk of the Hotel.

THOMASVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE.—The 25th annual Commencement of this school took place on Tuesday of last week. The exercises were interesting, reflecting credit on all concerned. Prof. G. W. Green, of Moravian Falls Academy, delivered the address, owing to the sickness of Rev. N. B. Cobb. Miss Effie Morris delivered the salutatory and Miss Beckwith the valedictory address. About thirty diplomas were given. Concert at night. Everything passed off pleasantly, and was a decided success.

TRINITY COMMENCEMENT.—The Greensboro *Patriot* says that Dr. Talmage filled the capacious chapel, with its seating capacity of 2,500. We notice the Hesperian debater's medal was won by ——— Finch, of Davidson county; the Scholarship medal by ——— Bynum, of Stokes. Several medals were won by other parties in Wilson, Tarboro, Caswell and Richmond.

SALEM ACADEMY.

Close of the 78th Annual Session.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
JUNE 14th–15th.

The leafy month of June brings with it the Commencement Exercises of Schools and Colleges all over the Sunny South. Yesterday and to-day Salem Academy closes its 78th annual session. The number of scholars in attendance during the session was 168, according to the catalogue.

We publish the programme of the Commencement exercises to-day. The Concert programme was published last week.

The attendance of the parents and friends of the pupils is quite numerous, and represent all sections of the South and South-west. Among them, we learn, are the following:

Col. W. H. Patterson, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., son of the late Major-General Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia; Rev. H. J. Adams, Gainsville, Ga.; W. S. Gibbs, State Senator, Yazoo City, Miss.; C. T. Gibson, Ocala, Fla.; A. C. Holmes, San. Augustine, Texas; A. C. Matthews, Elberville, Ga.; W. W. Grier, Charlotte, N. C.; —— Jones, Macon, Ga,

Yesterday afternoon the art studio was open for visitors. We go to press too early on Wednesday to give a sketch of exercises this week.

—Dr. Rondthaler's excellent sermon on Sunday morning last was very appropriate to the occasion of the approaching Commencement exercises of Salem Academy. The basis of his discourse was taken from 36th Psalm, 7th verse: "How excellent is thy loving kindness, oh God; therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." The words of admonition and good advice were given in a touching manner and no doubt made a lasting impression on all, especially the graduating class of the session. The Principal of the Academy, Rev. J. T. Zorn, closed the morning services with prayer.

In the evening Dr. Rondthaler preached an excellent sermon to a large congregation. Among the announcements notice was given that the Salem Home Sunday School would be held at 9 o'clock, A. M., instead of the usual time.

—Among the improvements of Waughtown we notice the new buildings of Wm. H. Shepperd, Milton Smith, Chas. Clodfelter, James Vogler, Lewis Crowder and Wm. Cook. Rowan Charles, Jas. Myers and Royal Chamberlain (col.), speak of putting up dwelling-houses. It is gratifying to us thus to note our neighbor's progress.

—Last Friday evening being very warm, a young man of our acquaintance went to the bathing place at the mill race to indulge in a bath. Divesting himself of his garments, he made a neat bundle of them and hanging the bundle on a bush near the bank, he plunged into the stream and soon became interested in the performance of a series of aquatic feats. While he was thus engaged, an old colored woman who is somewhat near-sighted and deaf besides, chanced to pass by, and catching sight of the bundle took charge of it and bent her steps homeward across the meadow, thinking no doubt, some thoughtless boy had been in bathing and had forgot to take the bundle when he left. Meanwhile the young man had got through bathing, and as he started to get out of the water he discovered that his bundle was gone, and at the same time he also discovered the old woman nearly across the meadow with it under her arm. Poking his head above the bank of the race he gave a yell at the colored woman to bring his clothes back, which so startled a couple of girls who were gathering flowers in a neighboring field that they came near fainting. Yell after yell followed, but the old woman kept going on in blissful ignorance of the predicament our young friend was in. What to do he did not know. He had an engagement to fulfill that evening, and there he was in the water, every second his clothes getting farther away, and the voices of the girls gathering flowers getting nearer. Just as he was about to give up in despair, and began to think he would have to spend the best part of the night in the water, his ears were greeted with the voices of some boys who had come for a bath. The promise of a dime started one of the boys after the old woman, and in a few minutes he returned with the bundle, when one of the quickest toilets on record was made. The last we heard of our young friend he was negotiating with a tinner for a bathing tub.

Dental Association.

The eighth annual meeting of the North Carolina Dental Association convened in this place on Tuesday, June 6th.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

Dr. J. F. Griffith, Salisbury, President.

Dr. C. J. Watkins, Salem, First Vice President; Dr. J. H. Durham, Wilmington, Second Vice President.

Dr. W. H. Hoffman, Charlotte, Secretary.

Dr. J. W. Hunter, Salem, Treasurer.

The place of the next meeting being next in order, Smithville was the place selected, and 2nd Tuesday in June, 1883, the time.

An election to fill vacancy in examining board was held and Drs. J. W. Hunter and V. E. Turner were elected for the term of three years.

On motion of Dr. D. A. Robinson, the annual dues be reduced from $3 to $1 per annum, passed.

Student S. P. Hillard, of Nash county, was duly elected the beneficiary to the Baltimore Dental College.

Student H. C. Pitts, of High Point, was duly elected the beneficiary to the Dental Dept. University, Maryland.

LEWISVILLE, N. C., June 12, 1882.

Editors of Press: The dedication sermon of the Baptist church, at Farmington, was preached yesterday by Elder J. B. Richardson of High Point. There was a large number of persons present, many more than the house would hold. The house is 34x56 and nicely painted and carpeted, costing a little over $2,100 and was dedicated free of any debt. An afternoon sermon was preached by Elder D. A. Woodson of Mocksville. Farmington can boast of two as good houses of worship as can be found in Western N. C. The Methodists having recently built a beautiful house in that place.

S. F. C.

—A list of letters remaining in the Post office at Salem, N. C.:

Miss Mattie Arnold, H. O. Brown, 3, Anna Brown, H. M. Bassette, L. D. Clark, Mrs. Mary Coppersmith, C. A. Denney, Molley Edwell, 2, J. H. Foster, J. P. Foster, J. B. Frier, Miss Mary Fosker, Miss Francies M. Fry, D. H. Graves, S. J. Green, Hackman, Mess & Co., Adam Hartman, R. B. Hasten, Charlotte Hind, 2, Maggie Harman, Albert Hartman, W. T. Hayden, Kate Knott, John W. Kirkman, A. H. Kupps, Miss Mary C. Kigler, Geo. Long, S. D. Lamb, T. Q. Lewis, Rev. Z. C. Lineberry, R. F. Lindell, A. T. Millender, Reed & Morris, P. P Millsapps, Messrs. F. & W. A. Moore, Thomas Matton, Margret Melton, P. M. McNeilies, Ellick Nading, John Nige, Mary Ann Pope, H. C. Pitts, 2, Pollay Proctor, Willis Payne, Clark Pettitt, Jas. D. Prydy, W. C. Roberds, J. H. Rich, Aaron Salisbury, L. C. Swaim, David Shutt, Thomas Shemwell, Henry Sheets, Franklin Rambine, J. H. Travis, Wm. Henry Tlotten, H. H. Thompson, Benjamin Toomer, Geo. H. Texton, T. F. Williams, D. J. Waisner, J. A. Waddell, 2, Edward Yarbrough.

Held for want of postage, a letter to J. K. Hockerday.

H. L. SHORE, P. M.

STOKES COUNTY.—Our people are somewhat stirred up on the mineral question. During the last few days we have seen some very fine specimens of Magnetic, Hematic and Specular iron ores which are believed to exist in great abundance just around Danbury. On Tuesday last a gentleman showed us some pieces of galena, almost pure lead, which were found near this place. Prof. Gilmore's mining force will commence work in this immediate section within a few days, developing the rich deposits of magnetic ores which are known to exist here.

Danbury Reporter and Post.

—The following is a list of the jurors drawn to serve at the special term of the Superior court, commencing on the 17th July next:

Charles Bowman, John A. Lawson, Albert Boyles, A. J. Flippin, John L. Redman, Tip Johnson, Bob Smith, W. S. Lemons, James Tilley, Haywood Venable, J. Y. Allen, Buck J. Martin, John H. Farguson, J. C. Gann, R. H. Hester, S. M. Ward, H. W. Rierson, Lucian Moore, W. R. Bennett, Irvin Tedder, Samuel Wall, Jr., T. D. Fulp, Robert Burge, W. C. Plaster.—*Reporter and Post.*

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, June 10, 1882.

Monday	$4,501 09
Tuesday	4,744 02
Wednesday	1,807 20
Thursday	3,915 97
Friday	2,578 93
Saturday	2,861 48
Total	$20,408 69

A VIGOROUS GROWTH

Of the hair is often promoted by using Parker's Hair Balsam. It always restores the youthful color and lustre to gray hair, gives it new life and removes all irritation and dandruff.

EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS LOST.

"You do not tell me that your husband is up and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Ginger Tonic?" "Yes, indeed, I do," said Mrs. Benjamin to her neighbor, "and after we had lost eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions. Now my husband feels as well as ever.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, in this place, on Thursday, the 8th inst., by Rev. Dr. Rondthaler, Miss VIRGINIA VEACH to Dr. A. J. PRINGLE, of Stokes county. Long life and happiness.

In Lexington, N. C., on the 8th inst., by Rev. G. D. Bernheim, BAXTER SHEMWELL to Miss LAURA BERNHEIM.

DIED.

In this place, on Wednesday morning last, AQUILLA H. JONES, aged 58 years, 7 months and 3 days.

Mr. Jones was for many years employed at Salem Academy, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Near Mickey's Mill, in this county, on yesterday, at the residence of his father, Sandford Snider, JOHN P. SNIDER, aged about 22 years.

In Kernersville, on the 3rd inst., Mrs. L. P. STOCKTON, wife of W. P. Stockton.

In Raleigh, FRANK, infant son of Wm. M. Utley, editor of the *Evening Visitor*.

Waughtown Academy,

Male and Female.

FALL SESSION will begin Tuesday, August 1st, 1882. Board, $6 to $8 per month. Tuition, $10 to $15 per session of 20 weeks. For further particulars address

W. B. WAFF, Principal,
Salem P. O., N. C.

June 15, 1882.–24-2m.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Jonah Faw, on the 2d day of June, 1882, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Jonah Faw, to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 10th day of June, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

AMOS FAW, Administrator.

June 8, 1882.–4t.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.00, a. m., and every day at 5.30, p. m. Due every day, by 10:20, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 7:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 6:00, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Vienna, Shore and East Bend and Richmond Hill. Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 6:00, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. L. SHORE, P. M.

NOTICE.
LIST YOUR TAXES!

Pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of Forsyth County, I will attend at the following times and places for the purpose of receiving the Lists of all Real Estate and Personal Property, which each Tax Payer shall own on the 1st day of June, 1882, in Winston Township, when and where all TAX Payers are respectfully notified to return their Lists according to the Revenue Law of North Carolina for State and County Taxes, to wit:

Town Hall, Salem, Thursday, June 15th. Court-House, Winston, until 20th inclusive.

All Tax Payers within said Township failing to return their Lists within the first 20 days of June, will subject themselves to the pains and penalties imposed by law.

N. S. COOK,
List Taker for Winston Township.

May 12th, 1882.–4t.

Handy Stationery.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Blair's Beautiful Goods,

CONSISTING OF

New Scratch Books,
Octavo Note Pads,
Commercial Pads,
Letter Pads, Legal Pads,
Keystone Inks,
Pens, Pen Holders, Paper and Envelopes in 10 cent packages.

All these goods are first class and sold at popular prices.

Now is the time to buy your stationery at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, and no mistake. Come and see.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

THE LATEST ARRIVAL OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS

—AND—

RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

WINSTON, N. C., MAY 20TH, 1882.

Our unequaled facilities for handling goods, and our steadily increasing trade plainly show that we are making it to the interest of all classes to trade with us.

OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS

are separate from our RETAIL STORE, and are fitted up especially for the business. In these departments we carry a large and well selected stock of Goods, bought with an eye to the wants of the merchants of the surrounding country. Our prices compare favorably with those of the leading houses both in this State and in Richmond, Va. A large proportion of these goods we buy direct from first hands, in original packages, and not only secure the lowest prices obtainable, but also save all the discounts. We sell at Factory Prices:

T. Miles and Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes,

J. & P. COATS' SPOOL COTTON. BELLEMONT.

CRANITE & RANDLEMAN PLAIDS,

Fries' Jeans, Cottonades,

BUNCH COTTON & ARISTA SHEETING,

THOMASVILLE SHOES, &C,

The Merchants of the surrounding counties will save money by giving us their orders.

OUR RETAIL STORE IS EQUALED BY NONE IN WESTERN N. C.

——WE SELL AT LOWEST PRICES——

Dress Goods, Notions, Trimmings, Laces, Fringes, Hamburgs, Cottonades, Linen Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Clothing, Stetton Hats, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Umbrellas, Parasols. Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Leads, Syrup, Coffee, Sugar, Salt, Leather, Meat, Lard, Flour, Corn, Ship Stuff, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Hoes, Mattocks, Grass Blades, Sythes and Cradles, Axes, Trace Chains, Tames, Locks, Screws, Butts, Saws, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Plows, Cutlery, Tin Ware, &c.

We buy WHEAT, OATS, RYE, CORN, PEAS, BEANS, FLAX SEED, EGGS, BUTTER, BEESWAX, FLOUR, DRIED FRUITS and all other salable produce.

We invite you to call and examine our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so charcteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS.

ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 26th, 1881. 3104 Wash Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

IRON TONIC.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

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Marble-Worker

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TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.

March 21—26-12—1 year.

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TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

GUITEAU.—A few copies of the GUITEAU BOOK (858 pages) for sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Sent by mail for $2.15.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub'rs of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. a Hand book about Patents free.

North Carolina R. R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 55 a m	6 40 p m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m
" High Point	7 20 a m	10 44 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 00 a m	11 20 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 25 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 48 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave "	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 30 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 188.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52 Daily
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 25 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	a m
Arrive High Point	9 48 p m	a m
" Salisbury	11 08 p m	a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 20 a m

No. 18, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m.
Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m.
Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville, &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 20 p m	8 30 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 36 p m	9 41 a m
" Salem	11 20 p m	10 15 a m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 00 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 12 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 20 a m
Arrive Raleigh	10 15 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	3 30 p m
Arrive University	5 15 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill	6 15 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville, and between Charlotte and Charleston.

On Train No. 52—Richmond and Charlotte and Washington and Charlotte via Danville.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

A. POPE,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

CUSTOM
Boot and Shoe Shop.

I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

☞ Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,
G. A. REICH.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.

SALEM ACADEMY,

Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.

THE STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

J. T. ZORN, Principal.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

PICTURES! PICTURES!! CHROMOS, framed, at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

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Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—A new supply of Albums at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

$66 a week in your town. TERMS and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE

A VALUABLE PLANTATION NEAR SALEM, N. C.

The undersigned will sell the tract of land, known as the Sam'l Laughenour place, containing

178½ ACRES,

75 of which are wood lands and 6 acres of meadow, with a good orchard, a comfortable dwelling and convenient outhouses, one of them an excellent brick spring house conveniently located. The place is suitable for truck farming and dairy, as it is within two miles of Salem, and one quarter of a mile from Stafford's Mill. Terms Cash. Persons can call and examine the place at any time.

L. W. STAFFORD.

March, 16, 1882.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

ATTEMPTING SUICIDE.

A Striking Incident in the Career of Jesse James.

An Adairsville (Ky.) correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* narrates this striking incident in the career of the notorious outlaw, the late Jesse James:

While so much is being said and written about Frank and Jesse James, I am forcibly reminded of an incident in connection with them in which I was a party. It may prove not uninteresting to your readers and serves to illustrate some of the characteristics which their notable career has rendered so prominent since. At the time of which I write Jesse was suffering from the effects of a gunshot wound in his right breast, and from the long-continued discharge was rather thin and in feeble health, and was spending some time with his uncle, Major George B. Hite, who lived within two or three miles of Adairville. In a fit of despondency, produced partly by his low state of health, and partly, as I afterward learned, by his bitter opposition to the prospective marriage of his sister Susie to Allen Parmer, whom she afterward married, Jessie determined to commit suicide, and impelled by his impetuous nature lost no time in his efforts at executing his desire. For this purpose he rode to town and procured sixteen grains of morphine, which he took at one dose immediately on his arrival at his uncle's, which was late in the afternoon of a January day. When he felt the drug beginning to produce its effects and he deemed it too late for any remedial efforts to prove effective, he called his brother Frank and sister Susie to him, advised them of what he had done, and gave such directions in regard to messages and trusts as he wished.

Frank, in order, if possible, to frustrate the design, immediately posted a messenger after a physician. It was about 7 o'clock P. M. when I arrived, and found him apparently in the embrace of death, in a profound stupor, insensible to his surroundings, except under the influence of the strongest excitement, pulse slow, full and very forcible, and respiration of that heavy, slow and stentorous nature characteristic of opium poison. There had been some degree of tolerance to the drug acquired by a resort to it for some weeks previously to mitigate the violence of the sufferings incident to the wound above referred to. I found willing and very capable assistants in Frank and Suaie, whose attentions and ministrations were unremitting throughout the night. In addition to the usual remedies it was imperatively necessary to combat the narcotic influence of the poison by all sources of mental and physical excitement that could be brought to bear. I shall never forget the powerful excitement he evinced and the prompt response he continued to make when Frank would whisper to him certain warning words as if certain persons very obnoxious to him were coming and it was necessary to escape. Whenever he would seem sunk into the fatal narcotism Frank's cabalistics would for hours bring him to his feet, and he would call for his pistols and flourish them while carried around the room between two assistants, every few seconds relapsing into profound slumber, even while walking, but instantly aroused again by the same talisman. His eyelids seemed to have millstones suspended from them, and it was impossible for him to keep them open. About 4 o'clock A. M. all efforts to keep him awake proved futile; his pulse had reduced in volume to a mere thread, his breathing was feeble and very slow, and it seemed the death angel was hovering over him. I sat with my finger on the pulse for perhaps half an hour, when it began to show evidences of improvement in volume, with greater regularity, and with more frequent and natural breathing. When this improvement had continued till there could be no longer any doubt of its existence, the fact was communicated to the relatives and friends. Within an hour he was sleeping a natural and refreshing sleep, which he really very much needed from the exhaustion induced by his long continued forced efforts to keep awake and moving.

By 6 o'clock he aroused and recognized his friends, and by the time breakfast was announced he was ready for a hearty meal. When consciousness was thoroughly aroused he expressed considerable emotion of joy that he had failed in his efforts at self-destruction, and was profuse in thanks to Mrs. Hite and all parties for their strenuous efforts through the long night to restore him. He evinced both shame and contrition for the act.

Jim Fisk's Slayer.

Speaking of business men, says a New York correspondent, let me mention one who is also quite as well known to the public as Judge Hilton, but through very different circumstances from those that have surrounded the latter. I refer to "Ned" Stokes, "the man who killed Jim Fisk," as everybody says who points him out. The public have heard that Stokes is now a partner of Mr. Read, the proprietor of the Hoffman house on Broadway, just above the famous Fifth Avenue hotel. The Hoffman has long been noted for the excellence of its breakfasts. They vie with Delmonico's and the Brunswick's. The latest attraction has been the magnificent barroom of the establishment, the finest in New York, if not in the world. The walls are fairly covered with beautiful pictures—high-priced ones, too—including one that cost $10,000. The whole room with its lobbies and entries is littered with costly bric-a-brac, statuary and expensive rarities. Stokes is to be seen at any hour quietly walking about the place, plainly dressed, rather retiring, and apparently earnestly devoted to his business. Time and trouble have left their marks upon him. His hair is whitened by the "frosts that never melt," and his clear cut face begins to show a few inroads of care. Yet for one who has been through so much trouble Stokes is well preserved.

Dr. Chapin.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Ellis related at a recent club meeting a number of anecdotes about the late Dr. Chapin, sparkling with the bright puns and repartees for which he was noted. Once, when Dr. Chapin was dining at a hotel, he was served with what was called barley soup on the bill of fare. "That is not barley soup," said he to the waiter, "it is barely soup." On another occasion, while traveling in the South with his wife, who was uncommonly dark complexioned, he addressed an old colored man as "Uncle." "How happens it," said his wife, roguishly, that the colored man is your uncle?" "He is my uncle by marriage, I suppose!" was the quick rejoinder. He once asked his daughter, who was also a pronounced brunette and very small, "Marion, why are you like a certain Boston book-publishing house?" "I give it up, father," said she. "Because you are little and brown," was the answer.

A firm in Reading, Pa., which uses the yolks of thousands of eggs in tanning kid, has put in operation a steam egg-beater having a capacity of 20,000 eggs. The tank, made of cedar, is two and a half feet in diameter and two and a half feet in height, and contains two revolving rakes, bevel wheels and pinions running in opposite directions.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A frozen plant may be sometimes preserved if plentifully drenched with cold water, because the application of the liquid produces a neutral thaw.

A healthy frog will remain alive for days after the whole of its blood has been withdrawn from the vessels and replaced by a solution of common salt.

One may become so accustomed to opium as to be able to drink daily a litre of laudanum, twenty drops of which would be a strong medicinal dose for a non-habituated person.

From observations made during many years in Senegal and other intertropical regions in Africa, Dr. A. Corre is inclined to believe that the African blacks are destined in course of time to disappear and be supplanted by European emigrants.

An Antwerp firm has patented a means of automatically playing musical instruments by pneumatic and electro magnetic appliances. The pneumatic arrangements are for sounding reeds, and a sheet of card, perforated according to the tune, makes and breaks electric contact as it travels.

A French chemist is said to have obtained a dense, black gum from the outer layers of the birch tree bark by distillation, possessing all the ordinary properties of gutta percha, and having the additional merit of resisting the deteriorating influence of air and the corrosive action of acids.

In seeking for a substance which would destroy the microscopic animals in water without injuring it for drinking purposes, Dr. Langlelt found that citric acid (one-half gramme to every litre of the water) killed all the living organisms, except cyclops and those with thick epidermis, within two minutes.

For the photography of birds in their different positions in flying Marey employs an instrument like a rifle in shape, giving twelve successive images per second, each image being taken in the 1-700 part of a second. In bright sunlight the time of exposure is reduced to the 1-1500 of a second. These views furnish an analysis of the motion of birds in flight which could not be obtained before the perfection of the processes of instantaneous photography.

Uncle Hyatt's Smart Dog.

The Covington (Ky.) *Enterprise* says: Uncle Sanders Hyatt says that about fifty years ago he owned a dog whose bark he became so well acquainted with that he could tell in a moment what kind of an animal it was running, and whether it was male or female. One day he heard her open upon a male fox squirrel's track not far from the house, so he picked up his gun and followed her. She soon reached a swamp and seemed to be baying something. While he knew it was a male fox squirrel, he could not understand why she should bay it. She soon had the varmint, however, again on the run still further in the swamp. When she bayed again he soon reached a cluster of bushes at which she seemed to be barking, and there he saw a huge rattlesnake in its coil.

With a sharp eye and a steady nerve, on which he prided himself in those days, he quickly sent a bullet through his snakeship's head. He then approached, and noticing the snake looked uncommonly large in the middle of its body, he cut it open with his knife, when out jumped the fox-squirrel and made for the nearest tree. A ball from his rifle soon brought the squirrel to the ground, and it made him a good dinner. He says that the squirrel must have run too close to the snake while attempting to get away from the dog, and was in consequence caught and swallowed, while the dog was not to be fooled out of his game; hence the following of the track of the snake.

The Monks of St. Vincent.

The abbey of St. Vincent, near Latrobe, Pa., is the oldest monastery in America, having been founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the college now connected with it is attended by 316 students, receiving instructions from a faculty of thirty-three monks. The lay brothers cultivate a farm of 500 acres, and there is a brewery attached, which, besides supplying the beverage to the community attached to the monastery, the surplus is sold to the neighboring cities. The barn on the farm is 300 feet by nine ty-eight, and the brothers have a printing office and bindery, where all the books used in the college are printed and bound. They put up all their own machinery, build their own wagons, shoe their horses, make their own clothing, raise and cook their own food, and slaughter the cattle raised on their own pasturage. The founder was Theodore Browers, a pious Franciscan from the Danish West Indies, and on his death bed he left a will providing that the priest who should succeed him should have the use of the small farm for life; the only condition being that the priest should each year say four masses for the soul of the testator on the anniversary of his death and the three succeeding days. In 1791 Franciscus Fromm, a German priest and missionary, took possession of the farm under the will without the consent of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore. He was ousted from the farm in 1798, and since then it has been a trust of the church, and the stumpy, partly-cleared farm has become the site of the flourishing abbey of St. Vincent.

The Earliest Plowman.

The steel or iron plowshare is one of the most valuble of modern inventions, and has both lightened the farmer's labors and added largely to his wealth. But Mr. Darwin has proved that worms do in a quiet but effective way the same work that the plow does on a larger scale. They break up the solid crust and enrich the surface by bringing the most valuable constituents from the sub-soil and forming a rich vegetable mold. The little piles left at the mouth of their holes are full of nutrition, and of the highest value for the growth of plants and vegetables.

The worms fill an important place among agricultural labors. The smoothness of beautiful lawns and meadows, Mr. Darwin says, is "mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms." The improvements which their industry effects are constant and progressive. The whole of the superficial mold over any expanse has passed, and will pass again, every few years through the bodies of worms." These despised articulates ought to be reckoned by the farmer among his most valuable allies.

The Life of the Savage.

The savage has no education, no books, no God. He was troubled with no fear of a future state, no money, no ambition. He wooed a maid, raised children, roamed the forest and fished the stream for food. He never traveled in Europe; never went to Congress; never was tried for heresy; never attended a primary election, engaged in trade or edited a newspaper. He never kept carriage-horses to go lame, or a cook to get saucy, or indulged in household expenses he could not pay. His exemplary spouse never indulged in fashionable attire, obtained on credit from a French milliner, or bought on time. He never had a headache from bad whisky or dyspepsia from over-seasoned food. He lived, hunted and took no thought for the future.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

I.

The regiment was fighting upon a slope of the railroad, and served as a mark for the whole Prussian army massed opposite in the wood. They were exchanging shots at eighty meters. The officers shouted "Down! down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained on its feet, grouped about its standard. In the broad stretch of fading sunlight, of grain in the ear, of pasture grounds, this mass of men, tossing, enveloped in a confused smoke, had the air of a herd of animals surprised in an open field by the first whirlwind of a formidable tempest.

It rained lead upon that slope. One heard only the crack of the fusillade, the hollow sound of mess-plates rolling into the ditch, and the balls, which made long vibrations from one end of the field of battle to the other, like the stretched strings of some sinster and sonorous instrument. From time to time the standard, which was raised overhead, agitated by the wind of the canister shot, sank amid the smoke; then a voice arose, grave and commanding, sounding above the fusillade, the death-rattles, the oaths of the wounded: "To the flag, my children, to the flag!" Instently an officer leaped forward vague as a shadow in the red mist, and the heroic standard, restored to life, again soared over the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its stiul warm staff, escaped from a dying hand, was seized, lifted up again, and when, as the sun disappeared, what remained of the regiment—scarcely a handful of men—slowly retreated, the standard was but a rag in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third standard-bearer of the day.

II.

This Sergeant Hornus was an old fellow with three stripes on his arm, who hardly knew how to sign his name, and had been twenty years winning promotion to the rank of a sub-officer. All the misery of a foundling, all the brutishness of the barrack could be seen on his low and resolute forehead, on his back, crooked by the knapsack, in his stolid bearing of a soldier in the ranks. With this he stuttered a little, but, to be a standard bearer, one has no need of eloquence. On the very evening of the battle his colonel said to him: "You have the flag, my brave man, keep it." And upon his wretched campaign capote, terribly faded by the rain and the fire, the cantiniere immediately sewed the gold embroidery of a sub-lieutenant.

This was the sole ambition of a life of humility. At once the form of the old soldier straightened up. The poor creature, accustomed to march bent, his eyes on the ground, would for the future have a proud face, a glance always lifted to see that strip of bunting float and hold it upright, very high, above death, treason and defeat.

Never was man as happy as Hornus on the days of battle, when he held his flagstaff with both hands, firmly planted in its leather support. He spoke not, he moved not. Serious as a priest, he seemed to be holding something sacred. All his life, all his strength was in his fingers, clenched around the beautiful gilded rag upon which the balls hailed, and in his eyes full of defiance which looked the Prussians straight in the face with an air of saying, "Try to take it from me!"

No one tried, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those fearfully sanguinary battles, the flag went everywhere, cut, torn, transparent with wounds; but it was always old Hornus who bore it.

III.

Then September came, the army in Metz, the siege and that long halt in the mud when the cannon rusted, when the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inactivity, by the lack of food and news, were dying of fever and weariness at the foot of their defenses. Neither chiefs nor soldiers, no one, had any further faith—Hornus still alone was confident. His tri-colored tatter was everything to him, and while he knew that it was safe it seemed to him that nothing was lost. Unfortunately, as the fighting had ceased the colonel kept the flag at his quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz, and the brave Hornus was somewhat like a mother whose infant is out to nurse. He thought of it incessantly. Then, when he felt too uneasy, he ran all the way to Metz, and the mere sight of it still in the same place, motionless against the wall, sent him back full of courage of patience, bearing to his soaked tent dreams of battle, of marching in the van, with the tri-color spread out to its utmost extent floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine destroyed all these illusions. One morning Hornus, on awaking, saw the whole camp in an uproar, the soldiers in groups, greatly animated, exciting each other, with the cries of rage; with every fist lifted toward the same quarter of the city, as if their ire designated a culprit, they shouted: "Let us drag him out! Let us shoot him!" And the officers did not check them. They walked apart with bowed heads as if ashamed to look their men in the face. It was indeed infamous. They had just read to a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, well armed, still sturdy, the order of the marshal which surrendered them to the enemy without striking a blow.

"And the standards?" asked Hornus, turning pale. The standards were given up with the rest, with the muskets, with what remained of the equipments, everything.

"Th—th—thunder of heaven!" stammered the poor man. "They shall never have mine!" And he started for the city on a run.

IV.

There, also, great animation reigned. National guards, citizens, gardes mobiles were shouting, agitating themselves. Deputations passed, trembling, going to the marshal's quarters. Hornus saw nothing, heard nothing. He spoke to himself as he ascended the Rue du Faubourg:

"Take my flag from me! God above! is it possible? Has he the right? Let him give to the Prussians what is his own—his gilded coaches and his beautiful silver plate brought from Mexico! But the standard, that's mine. It's my honor. No one shall touch it."

All these bits of phrases were torn by his speed and his stammering speech; but in his brain the old man had his idea. It was a clear, firmly fixed idea—to seize the standard, bear it away into the midst of the regiment and pass over the bodies of the Prussians with all those who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter. The colonel, who also was furious, declined to see any one, but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, hurled himself upon the guard and shouted: "My flag—I want my flag!" At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel, I—"

"All the standards are in the arsenal; you have but to go there and get a receipt for yours."

"A receipt? What good will that do me?"

"Such is the marshal's order."

"But colonel—"

"Be quiet, will you!" And the window closed again.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"A receipt—a receipt," repeated he, mechanically. At length he walked away, comprehending but one thing, that the flag was in the arsenal and he must get it, no matter what the cost.

V.

All the doors of the arsenal were wide open to admit the Prussian army wagons which were waiting drawn up in the court-yard. Hornus trembled as he entered. All the other standard bearers were there, fifty or sixty officers, mournful, silent; and those wagons, somber beneath the rain, those men grouped behind them, with bare heads; it looked like a funeral.

In a corner all the standards of Bazaine's army were heaped, mixed together upon the muddy pavement. Nothing could be more sorrowful than those rags of gaudy silk, those wrecks of gold fringe and of carved staffs—all those glorious objects hurled to the ground, soiled by the rain and the mud. An officer of the commissariat took them up one by one, and as his regiment was called out each standard-bearer advanced to procure a receipt. Stiff, impassable, two Prussian officers superintended the loading of the wagons.

And you were to depart thus, oh! holy, glorious tatters, displaying your wounds, sadly sweeping the pavement like birds with broken wings! You were to depart with the shame of beautiful things in disgrace, and each one of you would bear away a little of France. The sunlight of your long marches would remain among your faded folds. In the marks of balls you would keep the remembrance of the unknown dead, killed by chance shots beneath the banner aimed at.

"Hornus, it is your time. You are called; go and get your receipt."

A receipt, indeed!

The flag was there before him. It was truly his—the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all, and, on beholding it once more, he thought himself again upon the slope of the railroad. He heard the balls whistle, the clattering mess-plates and the voice of the colonel shouting: "To the flag, my children!" Then he saw his twenty-two fallen comrades, and himself, the twenty-third, leaped forward in his turn to lift and support the poor standard, which was reeling for want of arms. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it, to keep it until death! And now—

At these thoughts all his heart's blood mounted to his head. Drunken, beside himself, he sprang upon the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, which he grasped with all his strength; then he strove to raise it again, high overhead, straight as a mast, shouting, "To the fla—," but his voice expired in his throat. He felt the staff tremble, slip from between his hands. In that oppressive atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which hangs so heavily over surrendered cities, the flags could not float, nothing noble could live—and old Hornus fell dead, his beloved standard fluttering down upon him and reverently covering his corpse.

A Boatman's Inadvertency.

The man was remarkably cool and quiet under exciting conditions—a perfect specimen of self control. Phlegmatic in temperment his tranquillity could not be disturbed by anything short of an earthquake, and in that even he would be the last man to lose his self-possession. My friend's boatman was directly the opposite of this. He was small, thin, unflesshy, nervy, quite tonguey, and, when in his judgment occasion warranted it, much given to the use of savory adjectives and scriptural misquotations. Returning home toward evening, when within a mile of the hotel, my friend hooked a large muskallonge. He had out close to a 100 feet of line, when the fellow struck with a force that had the effect of an electric shock. The dominie gathered himself up for the contest, for it was manifest from the start that the fish meant fight, and fight he did most nobly. He would rise, break the surface and then dive down, down, deeper down, until the line stood nearer a perpendicular than a horizontal; then, rising again, he would surge to the right and then to the left. Meantime, hand over hand, the dominie was shortening the distance between himself and the fish, till only about twenty feet remained, when the struggle was renewed with increased desperation. At this juncture the little nervy boatman lost his self-control, and seizing the line he tried his skill at preventing the fish from going under the boat; but, no use! under the boat he went, and rapidly rising, he soon broke the surface on the other side, displayed his full length above the water, dexterously threw the spoon a rod away, and bowing a long farewell to his would-be captors he returned to the deep to enjoy his well-earned freedom. The little boatman dropped the limp line, and, standing erect, gesticulated with both arms violently, swore vociferously, and relieving himself for a few moments thus, he stopped suddenly as if struck by a thunderbolt, and apologized for his inadvertency, telling my friend that, "for the time being, he forgot that he was a minister."—"*Hz*," *in Outing.*

Made a Mistake.

An insurance agent called into an establishment the other day with a large account-book under his arm. Walking up to the proprietor in a business sort of way, he inquired:

"How's business—how's stock?"

"Oh, business is very dull," replied the tradesman. "'Pon my word, sir, I haven't got $900 in the house. Terrible dull!" and he paused and looked inquiringly at the visitor.

"Only $900!" said the insurance man, in surprise.

"'Pon my soul, sir, I don't believe there is a dollar more—look for yourself," and the man looked very sad and sighed.

"Then, sir," said the insurance man, with a good deal of warmth, "how does it come that your stock is insured in our company for $4,500, eh?"

"Oh! ah! beg your pardon!" exclaimed the dealer, in confusion. "Thought you was the taxman! I was sure you was the tax-gatherer, or, 'pon my soul, I would not have said that, when, in fact, my stock is worth full $8,000. Look for yourself, sir."

The Photograph Gun.

The last invention of science, says a London letter, is a machine to take your likeness by photography unawares. Mr. Tennyson and other celebrities who have an objection to having their portraits taken will no longer be able to enjoy the sunshine, but must take the air at night only. The apparatus is contained in an ordinary opera glass, in which "matched lenses" and "dry plate holders" are substituted for the usual eye-pieces. "The dark chamber used is a cylinder of black cloth like a muff, which fits tightly about the wrist by means of elastic bands." One look at you, and the thing is done. This will afford an opportunity for jokers to immortalize their friends in the most ridiculous positions.

Ice lying in the interstices of rocks will explode them as effectually as dynamite.

An Attractive Region.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says: The northern zone of the South, embracing Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, with the northern portions of Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas, is a region of vast extent, and has great interest for Northern people accustomed to farming who may desire to emigrate to a country suited to this industry. There is much excellent land here, with soils adapted to the cultivation of most of the important farm products of the region lying between New York and Pennsylvania, on the east side, and Iowa and Kansas on the west, as well as to those of the south. The climate is favorable, not being so different from that of the States north of it as to cause emigrants from them any considerable inconvenience or discomfort. In the hilly portions of this zone there is cold enough for Northern people, while the mildness of the winter and its brief duration render farming and stock-raising more profitable than they are farther north, as the shelter and feeding of animals require comparatively small expenditure. The summers are of course much longer than in New York or Iowa, but the heat is not usually so great as it is in New Hampshire. With proper attention to sanitary conditions and requirements this is a very healthy region, the proportion of malarious diseases for the uplands being less than in some of the finest portions of New England. There is much beautiful country, with pleasant scenery. In Northern Alabama I observed a close resemblance to the appearance of the hill regions of Southern and Central New Hampshire.

By attention to the selection of seed of the most suitable varieties, and to methods of cultivation, some of the vegetable products of regions farther north, which are supposed to be unsuited to the South, can probably be profitable throughout the zone now under consideration. Such acclimation of esculents from other portions of the country would be a great benefit, and is especially desirable for emigrants from the North, who are apt to be impressed by the lack of variety in the bill of fare at the tables of the planters as well as at Southern hotels. But many vegetables and fruits which belong to the South are rarely found on the table, or are in use but for a brief portion of the year, simply because people do not care to take the pains to produce them. "It's too much trouble to raise 'em," is the usual answer, when I inquire about them. Little attention is given to gardening on most Southern plantations. It is regarded as a trivial employment for the time and labor of men; entirely unimportant in comparison with the "crop," which is usually cotton, tobacco, sugar or rice. "We like a few messes of green things in the spring," the people say, "but for summer work we need something more substantial. Give us the old stand-bys." These are commonly bread, bacon and greens, as the ordinary fare for laborers.

A Level-Headed Engineer.

A dinner was given in Paris a few days ago to M. Grisel, now sixty-nine years of age, who has been all his life a model workman. In 1857 he particularly distinguished himself. On November 23 in that year he was driving a train from Clermont to Brioude, when, on arriving at Vic le Comte, he heard the river Allier rushing with unwonted violence. The night was horribly dark, the rain was pouring in torrents, and being well acquainted with the Vic bridge he felt sure that it would not resist the inundation that was already beginning. The station-master signaled to him to proceed, but Grisel refused point blank to move on, on which the official flew into a rage, but the engine-driver declared that he would not stir until the bridge had been examined. His apprehensions were destined to receive a striking confirmation. At the very moment when the station-master was telegraphing to Clermont for instructions the bridge was carried away with a terrible noise, and the passengers, who had got out of their carriages in much alarm, not quite understanding the cause of the extraordinary delay, rushed up to Grisel and overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude. On that memorable night the gallant engine-driver had, at the risk of losing his situation, been instrumental in saving no less than 125 persons from, as the event proved, certain death. It was at the instigation of M. Gambetta that M. Raynal, his minister of public works, recognized Grisel's rare merit by making him a knight of the Legion of Honor.

Circassian Cavalry.

In a letter just published the American minister at Constantinople describes a wonderful exhibition of horsemanship which he recently witnessed. General Wallace says:

I was invited a few days ago by the sultan to go with him and witness a drill of his household troops. The old Eleventh could beat his infantry, but the performance of his Circassian cavalry was something extraordinary. As a sample: Four companies magnificently mounted were in line. A bugle call, and the right company dashed through to the front at full speed. Another call, there was a beautiful feat. Each man reached out with his right hand, caught the rein close to the bit, pulled hard, and threw his horse flat on its left side, dismounting as it went down. Then, on the ground behind the horse, he began firing as a skirmisher. A third call, the company rose up with their horses, and retreated at full speed, reforming as they went. As I had never even heard of such a thing, you can imagine my astonishment.

Jesse James' Widow.

A St. Joseph (Mo.) letter says: Mrs. James, Jesse's little blonde widow, is often a guest at the World's hotel here. She has been totally misrepresented in the papers, having been described as a person of slight mental capacity and inclined to show an ignorant contempt for the niceties of her mother tongue. On the contrary, a personal interview with her shows that she is quite the reverse, speaks intelligently and thoughtfully. She was formerly a schoolmistress. She retains her husband's pistols and says they were Jesse's best friends. She complains of her inability to sleep, and it is the opinion of her lawyer that her mind is irretrievably impaired by the loss she has sustained. Mrs. Samuels, the mother, is more vindictive and revengeful. She has had the remains of the desperado interred directly in front of her home in Kearney, Mo., in order that she may watch them and prevent ghouls from robbing the grave.

Recalled Home.

Agernon Branningford quarreled with his brother in England in 1850, came to America, went to San Francisco, and gradually sunk in the social scale until he became a noted pest. "Old Ag" has now been recalled to his home by a messenger who reached San Francisco notifying him of the death of his father, Lord Branningford, and of his succession to a couple of millions.

Every one who has studied London signs has noticed the appropriateness of name and business which is visible everywhere. For instance: Rumfit & Cutwell, tailors; Alfred Pinch, shoemaker; Tugwell, the dentist; Going & Gonne, auctioneers.

In buying a carpet for desirability choose small figures.

Out of Tune.

When the tones of a musical instrument become harsh and discordant we say it is "out of tune." The same may be said of that far more wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, the human structure, when it becomes disordered. Not only actual disease, but those far more common causes, overwork, mental anxiety and fast living, may impair its vigor and activity. The best remedy for a partial collapse of the vital energies, from these as from other causes, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is at the same time an agreeable and mind cheering cordial, and the best possible invigorant in all cases of debility. It is an incomparable stomachic and antibilious medicine, eradicates fever and ague, and prevents subsequent attacks. It remedies with certainty and thoroughness bowel and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatic troubles, and many other bodily ailments. It also counteracts influences which predispose to disease.

Of the Canadian Pacific railroad 500 miles will be laid this summer. From Montreal to the Pacific ocean the distance will be 2,880 miles.

A Fisher Caught.

"On my last trip to the States," said Mr. Arthur Fisher of this paper, "I caught a very bad cold which settled into a severe case of rheumatism. I did not know what to do for it, so I resolved to purchase St Jacobs Oil for trial. Happy thought. I began applying the Oil, and in two weeks was as well as ever.—Toronto (Canada) Globe.

The European fashion of wearing no jewels, except in full dress, for evening entertainments, is becoming the rule among society people in New York.

The Carson City (Nev.) Appeal says: St. Jacobs Oil is good for rheumatism, neuralgia and a thousand different ills.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Best in the World.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Sept. 26, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I know from my own experience that your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the best medicine in the world for kidney, liver and urinary difficulties.

SAMUEL COBB.

In 1881 154,184,300 tons of coal were mined in England.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

An Article that Will Make the Bald and Gray Rejoice.

Many of the hair dressings of the day are excellent, but the great mass of the stuffs sold for promoting the growth and bringing back the original color, are mere humbugs, while not a few are pernicious in their effects upon the scalp and hair. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues and the change must begin under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after the best refined article has been chemically treated, and completely deodorized, that it is in proper condition for the toilet and receives the name of Carboline. It was in fact oil of Russia that the effects of petroleum upon the hair were first observed; a government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was, in a few months, a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were marvelous. The manes and tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and he has succeeded in perfecting Carboline, rendering it as dainty as the famous eau de cologne. Experiments on the human hair and skin were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and the hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, all cutaneous disease of the skin and scalp are rapidly and permanently healed, and the liquid seems to penetrate to the root of the hair at once. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and by some mysterious operation of nature the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light brown color to the hair, which by continued use deepens to black. The color remains permanent, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect the progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice. Carboline is put up in a neat and attractive manner and sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines. Price one dollar a bottle. Kennedy & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., general agents for the United States and Canadas.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.

The Frazer Axle Grease

Is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

HO, YE BALDHEADS!—There is just one way, and no more, by which you may be cured—use Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. It will positively produce new hair; there is no substitute for this marvelous hair renewer.

WARTS.—Recipe for painless and inexpensive cure. C. ANDERS, Box 418, No. 21 Park Row, New York.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND BUTTLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach Skin, etc.

Edey's Carbolic Troches prevent all contagious diseases, such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough, and cure Coughs and Colds. Pleasant to the taste and a good disinfectant.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 Worth Street, New York.

ALLEN'S Brain Food-cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 319 Fulton, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef Cattle—Prime, live weight	11 @	12¼
Calves—Com'n to Choice Veals.	5 @	8
Sheep	6¼ @	6½
Lambs	7 @	9¼
Hogs—Live	7 @	7¾
Dressed, city	9¾ @	9¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 55 @	8 50
Western, good to choice	5 90 @	9 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 46½ @	1 47
No. 1 White	1 43 @	1 43½
Rye—State	90½ @	90½
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 00 @	1 08
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	78 @	84¼
Yellow Southern	93 @	93
Oats—White State	63 @	69
Mixed Western	58 @	62
Hay—Prime Timothy	75 @	95
Straw—No. 1, Rye	70 @	75
Hops—State, 1881, choice	18 @	23
Pork—Mess, new, for export	18 25 @	18 40
Lard—City Steam	11 60 @	11 60
Refined	11 75 @	11 75
Petroleum—Crude	6½ @	7½
Refined	7¾ @	7⅞
Butter—State Creamery, fine	24 @	27
Dairy	17 @	23
Western Im. Creamery	21 @	23
Factory	10 @	20
Cheese—State Factory	6 @	11½
Skims	2 @	5
Western	7 @	10¼
Eggs—State and Penn	18½ @	19
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	3 75 @	3 87
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Good to choice	6 60 @	7 25
Lambs—Western	7 00 @	7 50
Sheep—Western	6 25 @	6 75
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	7 65 @	7 90
Flour—City Ground N. Possess	9 00 @	9 50
Wheat—No. 1. Hard Duluth	1 68 @	1 68
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	68½ @	69
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	47 @	47
Barley—Two-rowed State	90 @	90
BOSTON.		
Beef—Extra plate and family	16 50 @	18 00
Hogs—Live	7¼ @	8
Hogs—City Dressed	9½ @	10
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	16 50 @	17 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	8 50 @	9 75
Corn—High Mixed	91 @	91
Oats—Extra White	65 @	68
Rye—State	98 @	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	46 @	48
Unwashed "	28 @	30
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Extra quality	7 75 @	8 50
Sheep—Live weight	5¼ @	6¼
Lambs	6½ @	8¼
Hogs, Northern, d. w	9¼ @	9¾
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	6 00 @	6 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 44 @	1 45
Rye—State	97 @	97
Corn—State Yellow	69½ @	69¾
Oats—Mixed	61 @	62
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	25 @	25
Cheese—New York Full Cream	11 @	12
Petroleum—Crude	6 @	7
Refined	7¾ @	7¾

Sick-Headache.

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

In Texas over 20,000 men and 100,000 horses and mules are employed in railroad building.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Of the projected 4,527 miles of Mexican railroads, but 480 have as yet been completed.

REV. MR. SINCLAIR was among the first to recognize the merits of Holman's Pad. His testimonial, published in 1875, sold a great number. Recently Mr. S. brought to our office voluntarily the following:

DR. HOLMAN: After suffering for many years from Chills and Fever, in utter despair of cure, I was induced to try Holman's Pad. Contrary to my expectations, I was

ATTEMPTING SUICIDE.

A Striking Incident in the Career of Jesse James.

An Adairsville (Ky.) correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* narrates this striking incident in the career of the notorious outlaw, the late Jesse James:

While so much is being said and written about Frank and Jesse James, I am forcibly reminded of an incident in connection with them in which I was a party. It may prove not uninteresting to your readers and serves to illustrate some of the characteristics which their notable career has rendered so prominent since. At the time of which I write Jesse was suffering from the effects of a gunshot wound in his right breast, and from the long-continued discharge was rather thin and in feeble health, and was spending some time with his uncle, Major George B. Hite, who lived within two or three miles of Adairville. In a fit of despondency, produced partly by his low state of health, and partly, as I afterward learned, by his bitter opposition to the prospective marriage of his sister Susie to Allen Parmer, whom she afterward married, Jessie determined to commit suicide, and impelled by his impetuous nature lost no time in his efforts at executing his desire. For this purpose he rode to town and procured sixteen grains of morphine, which he took at one dose immediately on his arrival at his uncle's, which was late in the afternoon of a January day. When he felt the drug beginning to produce its effects and he deemed it too late for any remedial efforts to prove effective, he called his brother Frank and sister Susie to him, advised them of what he had done, and gave such directions in regard to messages and trusts as he wished.

Frank, in order, if possible, to frustrate the design, immediately posted a messenger after a physician. It was about 7 o'clock P. M. when I arrived, and found him apparently in the embrace of death, in a profound stupor, insensible to his surroundings, except under the influence of the strongest excitement, pulse slow, full and very forcible, and respiration of that heavy, slow and stentorous nature characteristic of opium poison. There had been some degree of tolerance to the drug acquired by a resort to it for some weeks previously to mitigate the violence of the sufferings incident to the wound above referred to. I found willing and very capable assistants in Frank and Susie, whose attentions and ministrations were unremitting throughout the night. In addition to the usual remedies it was imperatively necessary to combat the narcotic influence of the poison by all sources of mental and physical excitement that could be brought to bear. I shall never forget the powerful excitement he evinced and the prompt response he continued to make when Frank would whisper to him certain warning words as if certain persons very obnoxious to him were coming and it was necessary to escape. Whenever he would seem sunk into the fatal narcotism Frank's cabalistics would for hours bring him to his feet, and he would call for his pistols and flourish them while carried around the room between two assistants, every few seconds relapsing into profound slumber, even while walking, but instantly aroused again by the same talisman. His eyelids seemed to have millstones suspended from them, and it was impossible for him to keep them open. About 4 o'clock A. M. all efforts to keep him awake proved futile; his pulse had reduced in volume to a mere thread, his breathing was feeble and very slow, and it seemed the death angel was hovering over him. I sat with my finger on the pulse for perhaps half an hour, when it began to show evidences of improvement in volume, with greater regularity, and with more frequent and natural breathing. When this improvement had continued till there could be no longer any doubt of its existence, the fact was communicated to the relatives and friends. Within an hour he was sleeping a natural and refreshing sleep, which he really very much needed from the exhaustion induced by his long continued forced efforts to keep awake and moving.

By 6 o'clock he aroused and recognized his friends, and by the time breakfast was announced he was ready for a hearty meal. When consciousness was thoroughly aroused he expressed considerable emotion of joy that he had failed in his efforts at self-destruction, and was profuse in thanks to Mrs. Hite and all parties for their strenuous efforts through the long night to restore him. He evinced both shame and contrition for the act.

Jim Fisk's Slayer.

Speaking of business men, says a New York correspondent, let me mention one who is also quite as well known to the public as Judge Hilton, but through very different circumstances from those that have surrounded the latter. I refer to "Ned" Stokes, "the man who killed Jim Fisk," as everybody says who points him out. The public have heard that Stokes is now a partner of Mr. Read, the proprietor of the Hoffman house on Broadway, just above the famous Fifth Avenue hotel. The Hoffman has long been noted for the excellence of its breakfasts. They vie with Delmonico's and the Brunswick's. The latest attraction has been the magnificent barroom of the establishment, the finest in New York, if not in the world. The walls are fairly covered with beautiful pictures—high-priced ones, too—including one that cost $10,000. The whole room with its lobbies and entries is littered with costly bric-a-brac, statuary and expensive rarities. Stokes is to be seen at any hour quietly walking about the place, plainly dressed, rather retiring, and apparently earnestly devoted to his business. Time and trouble have left their marks upon him. His hair is whitened by the "frosts that never melt," and his clear cut face begins to show a few inroads of care. Yet for one who has been through so much trouble Stokes is well preserved.

Dr. Chapin.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Ellis related at a recent club meeting a number of anecdotes about the late Dr. Chapin, sparkling with the bright puns and repartees for which he was noted. Once, when Dr. Chapin was dining at a hotel, he was served with what was called barley soup on the bill of fare. "That is not barley soup," said he to the waiter, "it is barely soup." On another occasion, while traveling in the South with his wife, who was uncommonly dark complexioned, he addressed an old colored man as "Uncle." "How happens it," said his wife, roguishly, that the colored man is your uncle?" "He is my uncle by marriage, I suppose!" was the quick rejoinder. He once asked his daughter, who was also a pronounced brunette and very small, "Marion, why are you like a certain Boston book-publishing house?" "I give it up, father," said she. "Because you are little and brown," was the answer.

A firm in Reading, Pa., which uses the yolks of thousands of eggs in tanning kid, has put in operation a steam egg-beater having a capacity of 20,000 eggs. The tank, made of cedar, is two and a half feet in diameter and two and a half feet in height, and contains two revolving rakes, bevel wheels and pinions running in opposite directions.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A frozen plant may be sometimes preserved if plentifully drenched with cold water, because the application of the liquid produces a neutral thaw.

A healthy frog will remain alive for days after the whole of its blood has been withdrawn from the vessels and replaced by a solution of common salt.

One may become so accustomed to opium as to be able to drink daily a litre of laudanum, twenty drops of which would be a strong medicinal dose for a non-habituated person.

From observations made during many years in Senegal and other intertropical regions in Africa, Dr. A. Corre is inclined to believe that the African blacks are destined in course of time to disappear and be supplanted by European emigrants.

An Antwerp firm has patented a means of automatically playing musical instruments by pneumatic and electro magnetic appliances. The pneumatic arrangements are for sounding reeds, and a sheet of card, perforated according to the tune, makes and breaks electric contact as it travels.

A French chemist is said to have obtained a dense, black gum from the outer layers of the birch tree bark by distillation, possessing all the ordinary properties of gutta percha, and having the additional merit of resisting the deteriorating influence of air and the corrosive action of acids.

In seeking for a substance which would destroy the microscopic animals in water without injuring it for drinking purposes, Dr. Langfelt found that citric acid (one-half gramme to every litre of the water) killed all the living organisms, except cyclops and those with thick epidermis, within two minutes.

For the photography of birds in their different positions in flying Marey employs an instrument like a rifle in shape, giving twelve successive images per second, each image being taken in the 1-700 part of a second. In bright sunlight the time of exposure is reduced to the 1-1500 of a second. These views furnish an analysis of the motion of birds in flight which could not be obtained before the perfection of the processes of instantaneous photography.

Uncle Hyatt's Smart Dog.

The Covington (Ky.) *Enterprise* says: Uncle Sanders Hyatt says that about fifty years ago he owned a dog whose bark he became so well acquainted with that he could tell in a moment what kind of an animal it was running, and whether it was male or female. One day he heard her open upon a male fox squirrel's track not far from the house, so he picked up his gun and followed her. She soon reached a swamp and seemed to be baying something. While he knew it was a male fox squirrel, he could not understand why she should bay it. She soon had the varmint, however, again on the run still further in the swamp. When she bayed again he soon reached a cluster of bushes at which she seemed to be barking, and there he saw a huge rattlesnake in its coil.

With a sharp eye and a steady nerve, on which he prided himself in those days, he quickly sent a bullet through his snakeship's head. He then approached, and noticing the snake looked uncommonly large in the middle of its body, he cut it open with his knife, when out jumped the fox-squirrel and made for the nearest tree. A ball from his rifle soon brought the squirrel to the ground, and it made him a good dinner. He says that the squirrel must have run too close to the snake while attempting to get away from the dog, and was in consequence caught and swallowed, while the dog was not to be fooled out of his game; hence the following of the track of the snake.

The Monks of St. Vincent.

The abbey of St. Vincent, near Latrobe, Pa., is the oldest monastery in America, having been founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the college now connected with it is attended by 316 students, receiving instructions from a faculty of thirty-three monks. The lay brothers cultivate a farm of 500 acres, and there is a brewery attached, which, besides supplying the beverage to the community attached to the monastery, the surplus is sold to the neighboring cities. The barn on the farm is 300 feet by nine y-eight, and the brothers have a printing office and bindery, where all the books used in the college are printed and bound. They put up all their own machinery, build their own wagons, shoe their horses, make their own clothing, raise and cook their own food, and slaughter the cattle raised on their own pasturage. The founder was Theodore Browers, a pious Franciscan from the Danish West Indies, and on his death bed he left a will providing that the priest who should succeed him should have the use of the small farm for life; the only condition being that the priest should each year say four masses for the soul of the testator on the anniversary of his death and the three succeeding days. In 1791 Franciscus Fromm, a German priest and missionary, took possession of the farm under the will without the consent of Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore. He was ousted from the farm in 1798, and since then it has been a trust of the church, and the stumpy, partly-cleared farm has become the site of the flourishing abbey of St. Vincent.

The Earliest Plowman.

The steel or iron plowshare is one of the most valuable of modern inventions, and has both lightened the farmer's labors and added largely to his wealth. But Mr. Darwin has proved that worms do in a quiet but effective way the same work that the plow does on a larger scale. They break up the solid crust and enrich the surface by bringing the most valuable constituents from the sub-soil and forming a rich vegetable mold. The little piles left at the mouth of their holes are full of nutrition, and of the highest value for the growth of plants and vegetables.

The worms fill an important place among agricultural labors. The smoothness of beautiful lawns and meadows, Mr. Darwin says, is "mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms." The improvements which their industry effects are constant and progressive. The whole of the superficial mold over any expanse has passed, and will pass again, every few years through the bodies of worms." These despised articulates ought to be reckoned by the farmer among his most valuable allies.

The Life of the Savage.

The savage has no education, no books, no God. He was troubled with no fear of a future state, no money, no ambition. He wooed a maid, raised children, roamed the forest and fished the stream for food. He never traveled in Europe; never went to Congress; never was tried for heresy; never attended a primary election, engaged in trade or edited a newspaper. He never kept carriage-horses to go lame, or a cook to get saucy, or indulged in household expenses he could not pay. His exemplary spouse never indulged in fashionable attire, obtained on credit from a French milliner, or bought on time. He never had a headache from bad whisky or dyspepsia from over-seasoned food. He lived, hunted and took no thought for the future.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

I.

The regiment was fighting upon a slope of the railroad, and served as a mark for the whole Prussian army massed opposite in the wood. They were exchanging shots at eighty meters. The officers shouted "Down! down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained on its feet, grouped about its standard. In the broad stretch of fading sunlight, of grain in the ear, of pasture grounds, this mass of men, tossing, enveloped in a confused smoke, had the air of a herd of animals surprised in an open field by the first whirlwind of a formidable tempest.

It rained lead upon that slope. One heard only the crack of the fusillade, the hollow sound of mess-plates rolling into the ditch, and the balls, which made long vibrations from one end of the field of battle to the other, like the stretched strings of some sinster and sonorous instrument. From time to time the standard, which was raised overhead, agitated by the wind of the canister shot, sank amid the smoke; then a voice arose, grave and commanding, sounding above the fusillade, the death-rattles, the oaths of the wounded: "To the flag, my children, to the flag!" Instently an officer leaped forward vague as a shadow in the red mist, and the heroic standard, restored to life, again soared over the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its stiul warm staff, escaped from a dying hand, was seized, lifted up again, and when, as the sun disappeared, what remained of the regiment—scarcely a handful of men—slowly retreated, the standard was but a rag in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third standard-bearer of the day.

II.

This Sergeant Hornus was an old fellow with three stripes on his arm, who hardly knew how to sign his name, and had been twenty years winning promotion to the rank of a sub-officer. All the misery of a foundling, all the brutishness of the barrack could be seen on his low and resolute forehead, on his back, crooked by the knapsack, in his stolid bearing of a soldier in the ranks. With this he stuttered a little, but, to be a standard bearer, one has no need of eloquence. On the very evening of the battle his colonel said to him: "You have the flag, my brave man, keep it." And upon his wretched campaign capote, terribly faded by the rain and the fire, the cantiniere immediately sewed the gold embroidery of a sub-lieutenant.

This was the sole ambition of a life of humility. At once the form of the old soldier straightened up. The poor creature, accustomed to march bent, his eyes on the ground, would for the future have a proud face, a glance always lifted to see that strip of bunting float and hold it upright, very high, above death, treason and defeat.

Never was man as happy as Hornus on the days of battle, when he held his flagstaff with both hands, firmly planted in its leather support. He spoke not, he moved not. Serious as a priest, he seemed to be holding something sacred. All his life, all his strength was in his fingers, clenched around the beautiful gilded rag upon which the balls hailed, and in his eyes full of defiance which looked the Prussians straight in the face with an air of saying, "Try to take it from me!"

No one tried, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those fearfully sanguinary battles, the flag went everywhere, cut, torn, transparent with wounds; but it was always old Hornus who bore it.

III.

Then September came, the army in Metz, the siege and that long halt in the mud when the cannon rusted, when the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inactivity, by the lack of food and news, were dying of fever and weariness at the foot of their defenses. Neither chiefs nor soldiers, no one, had any further faith—Hornus still alone was confident. His tri-colored tatter was everything to him, and while he knew that it was safe it seemed to him that nothing was lost. Unfortunately, as the fighting had ceased the colonel kept the flag at his quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz, and the brave Hornus was somewhat like a mother whose infant is out to nurse. He thought of it incessantly. Then, when he felt too uneasy, he ran all the way to Metz, and the mere sight of it still in the same place, motionless against the wall, sent him back full of courage of patience, bearing to his soaked tent dreams of battle, of marching in the van, with the tri-color spread out to its utmost extent floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine destroyed all these illusions. One morning Hornus, on awaking, saw the whole camp in an uproar, the soldiers in groups, greatly animated, exciting each other, with the cries of rage; with every fist lifted toward the same quarter of the city, as if their ire designated a culprit, they shouted: "Let us drag him out! Let us shoot him!" And the officers did not check them. They walked apart with bowed heads as if ashamed to look their men in the face. It was indeed infamous. They had just read to a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, well armed, still sturdy, the order of the marshal which surrendered them to the enemy without striking a blow.

"And the standards?" asked Hornus, turning pale. The standards were given up with the rest, with the muskets, with what remained of the equipments, everything.

"Th—th—thunder of heaven!" stammered the poor man. "They shall never have mine!" And he started for the city on a run.

IV.

There, also, great animation reigned. National guards, citizens, gardes mobiles were shouting, agitating themselves. Deputations passed, trembling, going to the marshal's quarters. Hornus saw nothing, heard nothing. He spoke to himself as he ascended the Rue du Faubourg:

"Take my flag from me! God above! is it possible? Has he the right? Let him give to the Prussians what is his own—his gilded coaches and his beautiful silver plate brought from Mexico! But the standard, that's mine. It's my honor. No one shall touch it."

All these bits of phrases were torn by his speed and his stammering speech; but in his brain the old man had his idea. It was a clear, firmly fixed idea—to seize the standard, bear it away into the midst of the regiment and pass over the bodies of the Prussians with all those who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter. The colonel, who also was furious, declined to see any one, but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, hurled himself upon the guard and shouted: "My flag—I want my flag!" At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel, I—"

"All the standards are in the arsenal; you have but to go there and get a receipt for yours."

"A receipt? What good will that do me?"

"Such is the marshal's order."

"But colonel—"

"Be quiet, will you!" And the window closed again.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"A receipt—a receipt," repeated he, mechanically. At length he walked away, comprehending but one thing, that the flag was in the arsenal and he must get it, no matter what the cost.

V.

All the doors of the arsenal were wide open to admit the Prussian army wagons which were waiting drawn up in the court-yard. Hornus trembled as he entered. All the other standard bearers were there, fifty or sixty officers, mournful, silent; and those wagons, somber beneath the rain, those men grouped behind them, with bare heads; it looked like a funeral.

In a corner all the standards of Bazaine's army were heaped, mixed together upon the muddy pavement. Nothing could be more sorrowful than those rags of gaudy silk, those wrecks of gold fringe and of carved staffs—all those glorious objects hurled to the ground, soiled by the rain and the mud. An officer of the commissariat took them up one by one, and as his regiment was called out each standard-bearer advanced to procure a receipt. Stiff, impassable, two Prussian officers superintended the loading of the wagons.

And you were to depart thus, oh! holy, glorious tatters, displaying your wounds, sadly sweeping the pavement like birds with broken wings! You were to depart with the shame of beautiful things in disgrace, and each one of you would bear away a little of France. The sunlight of your long marches would remain among your faded folds. In the marks of balls you would keep the remembrance of the unknown dead, killed by chance shots beneath the banner aimed at.

"Hornus, it is your time. You are called; go and get your receipt."

A receipt, indeed!

The flag was there before him. It was truly his—the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all, and, on beholding it once more, he thought himself again upon the slope of the railroad. He heard the balls whistle, the clattering mess-plates and the voice of the colonel shouting: "To the flag, my children!" Then he saw his twenty-two fallen comrades, and himself, the twenty-third, leaped forward in his turn to lift and support the poor standard, which was reeling for want of arms. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it, to keep it until death! And now—

At these thoughts all his heart's blood mounted to his head. Drunken, beside himself, he sprang upon the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, which he grasped with all his strength; then he strove to raise it again, high overhead, straight as a mast, shouting, "To the fla—," but his voice expired in his throat. He felt the staff tremble, slip from between his hands. In that oppressive atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which hangs so heavily over surrendered cities, the flags could not float, nothing noble could live—and old Hornus fell dead, his beloved standard fluttering down upon him and reverently covering his corpse.

A Boatman's Inadvertency.

The man was remarkably cool and quiet under exciting conditions—a perfect specimen of self control. Phlegmatic in temperment his tranquillity could not be disturbed by anything short of an earthquake, and in that even he would be the last man to lose his self-possession. My friend's boatman was directly the opposite of this. He was small, thin, unflesby, nervy, quite tonguey, and, when in his judgment occasion warranted it, much given to the use of savory adjectives and scriptural misquotations. Returning home toward evening, when within a mile of the hotel, my friend hooked a large muskallonge. He had out close to a 100 feet of line, when the fellow struck with a force that had the effect of an electric shock. The dominie gathered himself up for the contest, for it was manifest from the start that the fish meant fight, and fight he did most nobly. He would rise, break the surface and then dive down, down, deeper down, until the line stood nearer a perpendicular than a horizontal; then, rising again, he would surge to the right and then to the left. Meantime, hand over hand, the dominie was shortening the distance between himself and the fish, till only about twenty feet remained, when the struggle was renewed with increased desperation. At this juncture the little nervy boatman lost his self-control, and seizing the line he tried his skill at preventing the fish from going under the boat; but, no use! under the boat he went, and rapidly rising, he soon broke the surface on the other side, displayed his full length above the water, dexterously threw the spoon a rod away, and bowing a long farewell to his would-be captors he returned to the deep to enjoy his well-earned freedom. The little boatman dropped the limp line, and, standing erect, gesticulated with both arms violently, swore vociferously, and relieving himself for a few moments thus, he stopped suddenly as if struck by a thunderbolt, and apologized for his inadvertency, telling my friend that, "for the time being, he forgot that he was a minister."—"*Hz*," *in Outing*.

Made a Mistake.

An insurance agent called into an establishment the other day with a large account-book under his arm. Walking up to the proprietor in a business sort of way, he inquired:

"How's business—how's stock?"

"Oh, business is very dull," replied the tradesman. "'Pon my word, sir, I haven't got $900 in the house. Terrible dull!" and he paused and looked inquiringly at the visitor.

"Only $900!" said the insurance man, in surprise.

"'Pon my soul, sir, I don't believe there is a dollar more—look for yourself," and the man looked very sad and sighed.

"Then, sir," said the insurance man, with a good deal of warmth, "how does it come that your stock is insured in our company for $4,500, eh?"

"Oh! ah! beg your pardon!" exclaimed the dealer, in confusion. "Thought you was the taxman! I was sure you was the tax-gatherer, or, 'pon my soul, I would not have said that, when, in fact, my stock is worth full $8,000. Look for yourself, sir."

The Photograph Gun.

The last invention of science, says a London letter, is a machine to take your likeness by photography unawares. Mr. Tennyson and other celebrities who have an objection to having their portraits taken will no longer be able to enjoy the sunshine, but must take the air at night only. The apparatus is contained in an ordinary opera glass, in which "matched lenses" and "dry plate holders" are substituted for the usual eye-pieces. "The dark chamber used is a cylinder of black cloth like a muff, which fits tightly about the wrist by means of elastic bands." One look at you, and the thing is done. This will afford an opportunity for jokers to immortalize their friends in the most ridiculous positions.

Ice lying in the interstices of rocks will explode them as effectually as dynamite,

An Attractive Region.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says: The northern zone of the South, embracing Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, with the northern portions of Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas, is a region of vast extent, and has great interest for Northern people accustomed to farming who may desire to emigrate to a country suited to this industry. There is much excellent land here, with soils adapted to the cultivation of most of the important farm products of the region lying between New York and Pennsylvania, on the east side, and Iowa and Kansas on the west, as well as to those of the south. The climate is favorable, not being so different from that of the States north of it as to cause emigrants from them any considerable inconvenience or discomfort. In the hilly portions of this zone there is cold enough for Northern people, while the mildness of the winter and its brief duration render farming and stock-raising more profitable than they are farther north, as the shelter and feeding of animals require comparatively small expenditure. The summers are of course much longer than in New York or Iowa, but the heat is not usually so great as it is in New Hampshire. With proper attention to sanitary conditions and requirements this is a very healthy region, the proportion of malarious diseases for the uplands being less than in some of the finest portions of New England. There is much beautiful country, with pleasant scenery. In Northern Alabama I observed a close resemblance to the appearance of the hill regions of Southern and Central New Hampshire.

By attention to the selection of seed of the most suitable varieties, and to methods of cultivation, some of the vegetable products of regions farther north, which are supposed to be unsuited to the South, can probably be profitable throughout the zone now under consideration. Such acclimation of esculents from other portions of the country would be a great benefit, and is especially desirable for emigrants from the North, who are apt to be impressed by the lack of variety in the bill of fare at the tables of the planters as well as at Southern hotels. But many vegetables and fruits which belong to the South are rarely found on the table, or are in use but for a brief portion of the year, simply because people do not care to take the pains to produce them. "It's too much trouble to raise 'em," is the usual answer, when I inquire about them. Little attention is given to gardening on most Southern plantations. It is regarded as a trivial employment for the time and labor of men; entirely unimportant in comparison with the "crop," which is usually cotton, tobacco, sugar or rice. "We like a few messes of green things in the spring," the people say, "but for summer work we need something more substantial. Give us the old stand-bys." These are commonly bread, bacon and greens, as the ordinary fare for laborers.

A Level-Headed Engineer.

A dinner was given in Paris a few days ago to M. Grisel, now sixty-nine years of age, who has been all his life a model workman. In 1857 he particularly distinguished himself. On November 23 in that year he was driving a train from Clermont to Brioude, when, on arriving at Vic le Comte, he heard the river Allier rushing with unwonted violence. The night was horribly dark, the rain was pouring in torrents, and being well acquainted with the Vic bridge he felt sure that it would not resist the inundation that was already beginning. The station-master signaled to him to proceed, but Grisel refused point blank to move on, on which the official flew into a rage, but the engine-driver declared that he would not stir until the bridge had been examined. His apprehensions were destined to receive a striking confirmation. At the very moment when the station-master was telegraphing to Clermont for instructions the bridge was carried away with a terrible noise, and the passengers, who had got out of their carriages in much alarm, not quite understanding the cause of the extraordinary delay, rushed up to Grisel and overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude. On that memorable night the gallant engine-driver had, at the risk of losing his situation, been instrumental in saving no less than 125 persons from, as the event proved, certain death. It was at the instigation of M. Gambetta that M. Raynal, his minister of public works, recognized Grisel's rare merit by making him a knight of the Legion of Honor.

Circassian Cavalry.

In a letter just published the American minister at Constantinople describes a wonderful exhibition of horsemanship which he recently witnessed. General Wallace says:

I was invited a few days ago by the sultan to go with him and witness a drill of his household troops. The old Eleventh could beat his infantry, but the performance of his Circassian cavalry was something extraordinary. As a sample: Four companies magnificently mounted were in line. A bugle call, and the right company dashed through to the front at full speed. Another call, there was a beautiful feat. Each man reached out with his right hand, caught the rein close to the bit, pulled hard, and threw his horse flat on its left side, dismounting as it went down. Then, on the ground behind the horse, he began firing as a skirmisher. A third call, the company rose up with their horses, and retreated at full speed, reforming as they went. As I had never even heard of such a thing, you can imagine my astonishment.

Jesse James' Widow.

A St. Joseph (Mo.) letter says: Mrs. James, Jesse's little blonde widow, is often a guest at the World's hotel here. She has been totally misrepresented in the papers, having been described as a person of slight mental capacity and inclined to show an ignorant contempt for the niceties of her mother tongue. On the contrary, a personal interview with her shows that she is quite the reverse, speaks intelligently and thoughtfully. She was formerly a schoolmistress. She retains her husband's pistols and says they were Jesse's best friends. She complains of her inability to sleep, and it is the opinion of her lawyer that her mind is irretrievably impaired by the loss she has sustained. Mrs. Samuels, the mother, is more vindictive and revengeful. She has had the remains of the desperado interred directly in front of her home in Kearney, Mo., in order that she may watch them and prevent ghouls from robbing the grave.

Recalled Home.

Agernon Branningford quarreled with his brother in England in 1850, came to America, went to San Francisco, and gradually sunk in the social scale until he became a noted pest. "Old Ag" has now been recalled to his home by a messenger who reached San Francisco notifying him of the death of his father, Lord Branningford, and of his succession to a couple of millions.

Every one who has studied London signs has noticed the appropriateness of name and business which is visible everywhere. For instance: Rumfit & Outwell, tailors; Alfred Pinch, shoemaker; Tugwell, the dentist; Going & Gonne, auctioneers.

In buying a carpet for desirability choose small figures,

A Shower of Stones.

The storm at Bedford, Ind., on a recent night was a strange one. The strangest thing that took place was at the farm of Abraham Smith, who lives four miles south of Bedford, where a real, genuine shower of stones fell, mixed with what seems to be plastering. The stones are of various sizes, some really as large as a man's fist, while others are quite small. The most of them are white flint, a stone that is no found in that part of Indiana. Many of Mr. Smith's windows were broken and several shingles knocked off his roof. In the immediate vicinity of the house more than a barrel of these stones could be gathered. A great many persons have visited the Smith farm to satisfy themselves in regard to the matter.

A Fisher Caught.

"On my last trip to the States," said Mr. Arthur Fisher of this paper, "I caught a very bad cold which settled into a severe case of rheumatism. I did not know what to do for it, so I resolved to purchase St Jacobs Oil for trial. Happy thought. I began applying the Oil, and in two weeks was as well as ever.—Toronto (Canada) Globe.

The European fashion of wearing no jewels, except in full dress, for evening entertainments, is becoming the rule among society people in New York.

The Carson City (Nev.) Appeal says: St. Jacobs Oil is good for rheumatism, neuralgia and a thousand different ills.

He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

Best in the World.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Sept. 26, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I know from my own experience that your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the best medicine in the world for kidney, liver and urinary difficulties.

SAMUEL COBB.

In 1881 154,184,300 tons of coal were mined in England.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

An Article that Will Make the Bald and Grey Rejoice.

Many of the hair dressings of the day are excellent, but the great mass of the stuffs sold for promoting the growth and bringing back the original color, are mere humbugs, while not a few are pernicious in their effects upon the scalp and hair. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after the best refined article has been chemically treated, and completely deodorized, that it is in proper condition for the toilet and known as the name of Carboline. It was in Russia that the effects of petroleum upon the hair were first observed; a government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was, in a few months, a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were marvelous. The manes and tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and he has succeeded in perfecting Carboline, rendering it as dainty as the famous eau de cologne. Experiments on the human hair and skin were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and the hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, all cutaneous disease of the skin and scalp are rapidly and permanently healed, and the liquid seems to penetrate to the root of the hair at once. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and by some mysterious operation of nature the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light brown color to the hair, which by continued use deepens to black. The color remains permanent, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice. Carboline is put up in a neat and attractive manner and sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines. Price one dollar a bottle. Kennedy & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., general agents for the United States and Canadas.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.

The Fraser Axle Grease

Is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

HO, YE BALDHEADS!—There is just one way, and no more, by which you may be cured—use Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. It will positively produce new hair; there is no substitute for this marvelous hair renewer.

WARTS.—Recipe for painless and inexpensive cure, 15 cts. ANDERS, Box 418, No. 21 Park Row, New York.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND BUTTLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach Skin, etc.

Edey's Carbolic Troches prevent all contagious diseases, such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough, and cure Coughs and Colds. Pleasant to the taste and a good disinfectant.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 Worth Street, New York.

ALLEN'S Brain Food cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1; all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First Av., N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			1
Beef Cattle—Prime, live weight	11	@	12¼
Calves—Com'n to Choice Veals.	5	@	8
Sheep	6¼	@	6½
Lambs	7	@	9¼
Hogs—Live	7	@	7¾
Dressed, city	9¾	@	9¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 55	@	8 50
Western, good to choice	5 90	@	9 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 46¼	@	1 47
No. 1 White	1 43	@	1 43½
Rye—State	90¼	@	90¾
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 00	@	1 08
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	78	@	84¾
Yellow Southern	93	@	93
Oats—White State	63	@	69
Mixed Western	58	@	62
Hay—Prime Timothy	75	@	95
Straw—No. 1, Rye	70	@	75
Hops—State, 1881, choice	18	@	23
Pork—Mess, new, for export	18 25	@	18 40
Lard—City Steam	11 60	@	11 60
Refined	11 75	@	11 75
Petroleum—Crude	6¼	@	7¼
Refined	7¾	@	7¾
Butter—State Creamery, fine	24	@	27
Dairy	17	@	23
Western Im. Creamery	21	@	23
Factory	10	@	20
Cheese—State Factory	6	@	11¾
Skims	2	@	5
Western	7	@	10¾
Eggs—State and Penn	18¾	@	19
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	3 75	@	3 87
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Good to choice	6 60	@	7 25
Lambs—Western	7 00	@	7 50
Sheep—Western	6 25	@	6 75
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	7 65	@	7 90
Flour—C'y Ground N. Process	9 00	@	9 50
Wheat—No. 1. Hard Duluth	1 68	@	1 68
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	68¾	@	69
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	47	@	47
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90
BOSTON.			
Beef—Extra plate and family	16 50	@	18 00
Hogs—Live	7¾	@	8
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	16 50	@	17 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	8 50	@	9 75
Corn—High Mixed	91	@	91
Oats—Extra White	65	@	68
Rye—State	98	@	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	46	@	48
Unwashed "	28	@	30
WATERTOWN (MASS.) COUNTRY MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	7 75	@	8 50
Sheep—Live weight	5¾	@	6¾
Lambs	6¾	@	8¾
Hogs, Northern, d. w	9¾	@	9¾
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	6 00	@	6 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 44	@	1 45
Rye—State	97	@	97
Corn—State Yellow	69¼	@	69¼
Oats—Mixed	61	@	62
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	25	@	25
Cheese—New York Full Cream	11	@	12
Petroleum—Crude	6	@	7
Refined	7¾	@	7¾

Out of Tune.

When the tones of a musical instrument become harsh and discordant we say it is "out of tune." The same may be said of that far more wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, the human structure, when it becomes disordered. Not only actual disease, but those far more common causes, overwork, mental anxiety and fast living, may impair its vigor and activity. The best remedy for a partial collapse of the vital energies, from these as from other causes, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is at the same time an agreeable and mind cheering cordial, and the best possible invigorant in all cases of debility. It is an incomparable stomachic and antibilious medicine, eradicates fever and ague, and prevents subsequent attacks. It remedies with certainty and thoroughness bowel and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatic troubles, and many other bodily ailments. It also counteracts influences which predispose to disease.

OF the Canadian Pacific railroad 500 miles will be laid this summer. From Montreal to the Pacific ocean the distance will be 2,850 miles.

"Now Well and Strong."

SAUPAN, Illinois.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing, as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and str